This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

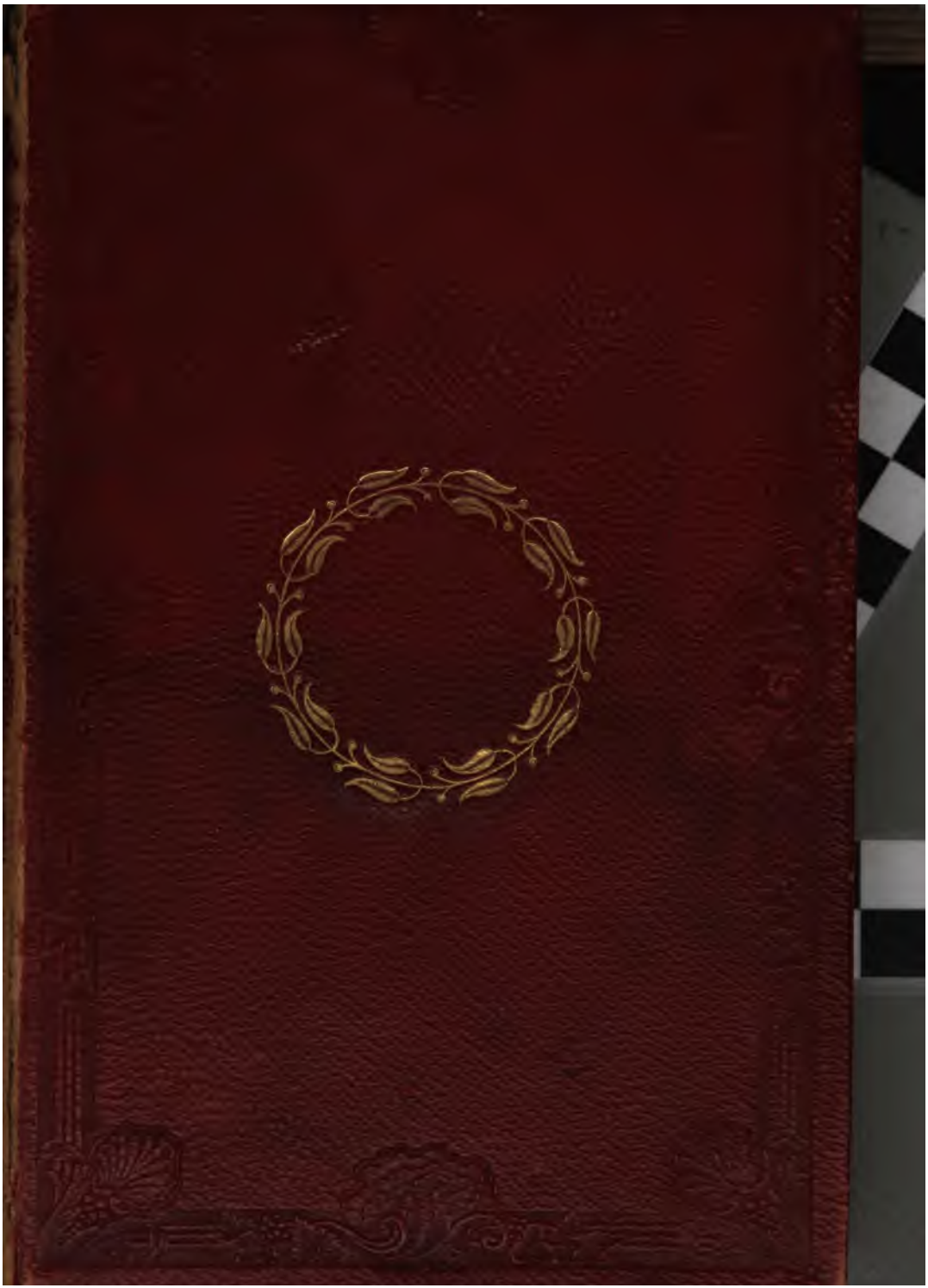
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

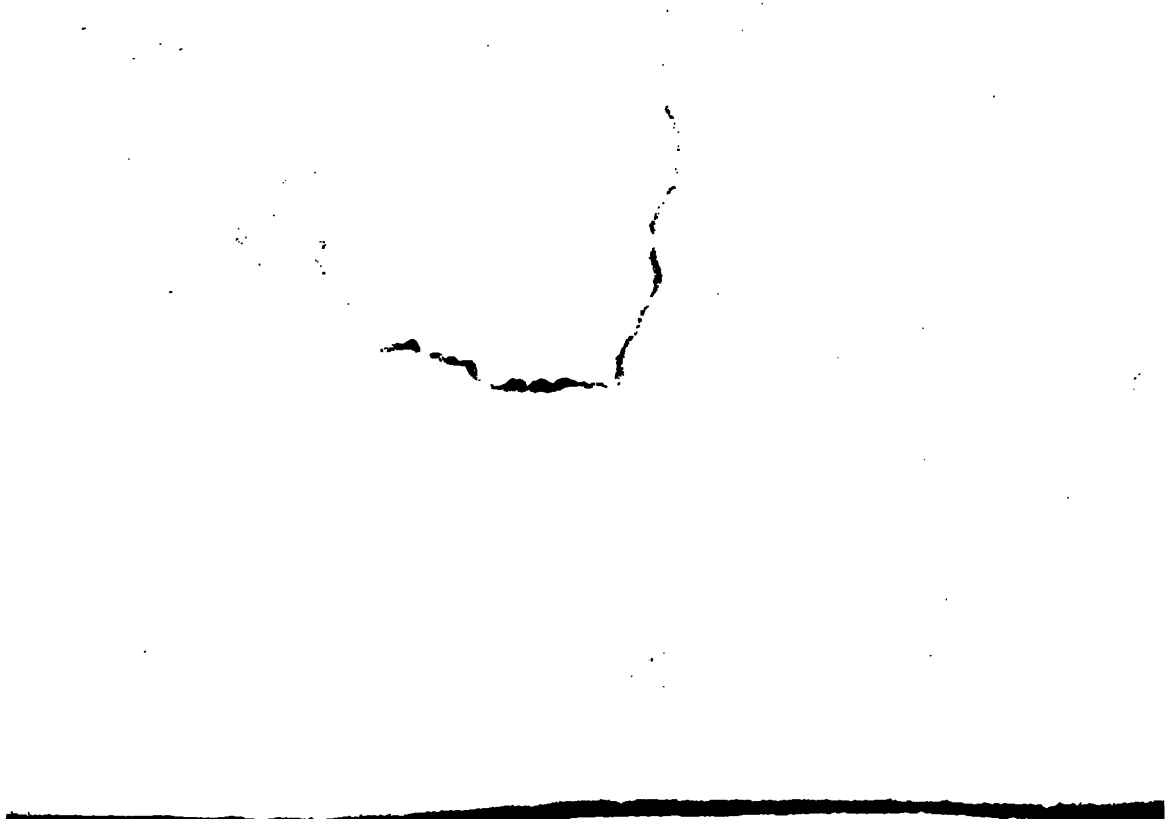
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



Bequest of Alice Meyer Buck, 1882-1979
Stanford University Libraries

1,00



BEATTIE'S

PICTURESQUE ANNUAL.

FOR 1832.

From Drawings by

CLARKSON STANFIELD, Esqre.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES

ON THE RHINE, AND IN BELGIUM

AND HOLLAND.

WITH TWENTY-SIX BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED ENGRAVINGS,

FROM DRAWINGS

BY CLARKSON STANFIELD, Esq.

BY

LEITCH RITCHIE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF THE "ROMANCE OF FRENCH HISTORY," &c.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMAN.

PARIS: RITTNER AND GOUPILL. FRANKFORT: CHARLES JÜGEL.

1833.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY JOHN HADDON AND CO., IVY LANE.

TO THE GENTLE READER.

GRATITUDE, says a French writer, *is a keen sense of favours to come.* If we accept this definition, we may understand why the manager of an unsuccessful theatre invariably opens a new campaign by thanking the public for its support last season—in staying away; and why the publisher of a condemned book begins his second volume by acknowledging gratefully the reader's patronage—in not buying the first. The act of returning thanks, indeed, has become so equivocal in its nature that we are inclined to question its policy.

In an undertaking like ours, for instance—which the public last year contributed from ten to twelve thousand guineas to support—where can be its use? If ten times that number of *words* would be considered an acceptable oblation, we should pay it willingly! But we desire to do more; nay, as far as in us lies, we have done more, for We—the pencil, the burin, and the pen—have *tried* to do better.

As for the individual who is thus made the mouth-piece of the rest, although quite conscious of

the comparative insignificance of his part, he takes advantage of his privilege, as a dealer in words, to offer a few in his own behalf.

The traditional stories, which are so plentifully interspersed in this volume, belong, in the main, to the country and the people. The author, however, has thought himself perfectly at liberty to try to give them a point and a meaning where he found none, and, in general, to "work them up" according to his own fancy. As for the account of the famous Robbers of the Rhine, it may be depended upon as tolerably correct, being drawn up from authentic accounts, and more especially from the published notes of a magistrate who presided at some of the trials.

In sailing down the Rhine (for the second time) the author had Schreiber's Guide in his hand; and if his own description is found to tally, so far as it goes, in points of *utility*, with that excellent work, he will esteem the comparison a compliment.

Next year the journey will be continued, from Ostend (the nearest point, on the sea, gained in the present volume), along the coasts and in the islands of France, to the farther extremity of Brittany.

CONTENTS.

	Page
French and German Frontiers . .	1
Traditions of Baden	17
Karlsruhe and Heidelberg	37
The Necromantic Lake	52
Banks of the Main	69
The Paradise of the Rhine	78
The Traditions of the Rhine	91
Confluence of the Rhine and the Mosel . . .	126
Adieu to the Rhine	151
The Robbers of the Rhine	175
Belgium Belligerens	210
Holland and the Dutch	234

PLATES,

FROM DRAWINGS BY CLARKSON STANFIELD, ESQ.

		Page
1.	STRASBOURG	7
2.	HEYDELBERG	44
3.	——— (Castle of)	49
4.	FRANKFORT	69
5.	BINGEN	88
6.	——— (soft scene)	90
7.	RHEINSTEIN	99
8.	ST. GOAR (Frontispiece)	136
9.	COBLENCE	144
10.	EHRENBRETSTEIN, from COBLENCE	147
11.	COBLENCE (Bridge)	149
12.	ANDERNACH	154
13.	NONNENWERT	156
14.	DRACHENFELS	158
15.	GODESBERG	162
16.	Near BONN	163
17.	COLOGNE	164
18.	——— (Vignette Title)	164
19.	BRUSSELS	221
20.	ANTWERP (View on the Scheldt)	226
21.	GHENT	227
22.	BRUGES	229
23.	ROTTERDAM	235
24.	MILL near the HAGUE	237
25.	SCHEVELING	238
26.	HOMEWARD-BOUND—BRILL in the distance	254

TRAVELLING SKETCHES

ON THE RHINE, AND IN BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.

CHAP. I.

THE FRENCH AND GERMAN FRONTIERS.

It has often been remarked, with ridicule, that in England, when two acquaintances meet, they find it impossible to enter into any discourse, however immediately interesting, without the preface of "How do you do?" or "a fine day;" as it may happen. Where is the great harm? Would to Apollo that some such conventional rule were established for the meetings of author and reader! What a knitting of brows and gnawing of pen-stumps it would save! Every thing, in fact, must have a preface. We cannot even go into a room, where there are only a few poor denizens of the earth like ourselves, without bowing down to the Baal of ceremony. But there is no harm in the *bow;* it is the stiffness of it that makes it ridiculous. And what is the cause of this stiffness? It is vanity and egoism. If we thought more of the company,

and less of ourselves, and our attitudes, and our Ps and Qs, we should all bow gracefully enough to pass in the crowd.

Such being our theory, it may seem wonderful that we should ourselves have been subjected last year (in the midst of every kind of human charity and good-natured indulgence) to the charge of egoism. The truth is, the word is not very well understood. Our egoism, be it known to all men and women, was nothing else than absolute forgetfulness of self! We thought of the mountains, and lakes, and torrents, and trees, and clouds, and flowers, and vines, and cities, and hamlets, and lads, and lasses—and we did *not* think of ourselves. When an author goes in search of his personal feelings, and parcels them out or piles them up to make a show, or hangs them in his ears and on his neck for ornament, or draws them on his fingers like diamond rings,—this is egoism. But when he merely gives vent to what comes uppermost, and comes without calling,—when he ejaculates his impressions, either of liking or disliking, without pitching the key, or coughing or hemming,—this is no more egoism than it is music. Let the gentle reader remember that we are a guide—not a guide-post. We are one who, when thirsty, will smack our lips over a glass even of vin ordinaire; who will interrupt our story unconsciously to look after a damsel as she trips along with her milking-pail; and who, when we run against the stump of a tree, will cry "Hang it!" in spite of morals, and stoop

down to rub our shin with our glove. But in the meantime we perceive that we have said our *How do you do?* without thinking about the matter; and now—"here goes!"

In approaching Strasbourg, from the centre of the kingdom, a change takes place insensibly in manners, character, and even language; and the traveller at last has some difficulty in persuading himself that he has not already passed the frontiers. Beyond Nancy every body speaks German, and nearer Strasbourg many can speak nothing else! Every second sign-board is in black letter, and every second physiognomy heavy and bilious. The vivacious step of one nation is mingled with the leeward roll of the other, that puts you in mind of the involuntary motion of some inert body. A large, clear, empty, lazy blue eye is seen staring with all its might at a brisk, laughing, saucy, roguish brown one. The Strasbourgeoises themselves still retain in wonderful perfection the lightsome look and coquettish manner of Frenchwomen; but even among them you observe, stumbling along, some tall ungainly figures, walking as if they had corns on their toes, and were bitterly ashamed of the malady. The men, in some cases, sport long-waisted coats, with tails reaching to the heels, and three-cornered hats. A German, to say the truth, looks best at home; and in French company, more especially, reminds you of a retired scholar, who detects himself suddenly with an Æschylus under his arm, in the midst of a quadrille.

At the table d'hote of the inn where we took up our abode there was a German family, consisting of a lady, with her grown-up daughter and several children. The mother we detected at once to be a *blue,* by a certain reflective cast of feature, and a dignity distinct from that of station or self-applause. She held, there can be no doubt, a post of honour at the court of Apollo, which required her mind to wear habitually its dress of ceremony. The young lady was blowsy and bonny, good-humoured, amiable, and sentimental. She appeared to us to like novels and poetry. In spite of this, they both ate so enormously as to take away our appetite, and we ascended to our chamber somewhat discontented with the sex.

The German family lodged next door. The untravelled reader perhaps does not know that in most hotels in the Continental countries the bed-rooms have doors of communication with each other. A family party, however numerous, may thus have lodgings of its own, without being scattered in groups or individuals throughout the building, and keep up a proper intercommunication without having to traverse all the galleries and corridors in the house. The inconvenience of the arrangement is, that as sound travels without a passport, the frontier rooms are often visited by noises which it might be desirable to exclude; and, in fact, no one in such a locality, can be sure that his conversation is not heard, word for word, in the *terra incognita,* from which he is only separated by a door. The

way in which we thus inadvertently discovered that the German family passed their evening soon banished from our memory the scene at the table d'hote. The children read aloud by turns, the daughter sung and drew, and the mother wrote. Then followed the short prayer, the loud kiss, and the maternal benediction, as, one by one, the little students tumbled into bed; and long after the young lady's songs had sunk into silence—even in the middle watches of the night—we could hear the chirp of the authoress's pen upon the paper, and the labouring sighs with which her ideas rose and escaped in words. The next day it was with some interest that we looked out for this family (which, by its internal arrangements, habits, and happiness, led home our thoughts unconsciously to a certain country geographically situated to the north of England, or at least to certain out-of-the-way districts therein comprehended), and we determined, if German manners admitted of such a thing, to get acquainted with the members.

We met the whole tribe coming into the hotel as we were going out; and, with a look of as much sociality as respect permitted, made a full pause, and silently solicited a recognition. The *magna parens* had forgotten us. She was marching along like a church, with her head in the sky; and the daughter was no sooner aware that a pair of eyes of the masculine gender were fixed upon her beauty, than she made a roll and stumble that alarmed us for her safety. As she tottered past us, with head

twisted over her shoulder, and the toes of one foot turned out and the others turned in, she looked like a pilgrim who had walked all the way from the Black Forest with peas in her shoes.

This, we confess, is setting out ill; but if we begin to expunge there will be no end to it. If we had met these Germans surrounded by English instead of Frenchwomen, would the impression have been different? We claim a parliamentary privilege, and "blink the question."

Strasbourg is only a debatable city, so far as manners and appearance go. In the year 1681, with perfect coolness, and in the time of a general peace, it was severed for ever from the German empire by Louis XIV. This splendid personage was then in his pride of place. The treaties he condescended to enter into were binding upon the other parties, but not upon him. His name was added like that of a patron who consents to grace with his signature a list of subscriptions, on condition that he is not to be expected to pay. Strasbourg was famous then, as it is now, for its artillery, of which nine hundred pieces cumbered the arsenal. We do not know how many there may be to-day, but the city seems absolutely full of cannon, apparently new. The roll of the drum is heard without ceasing; and if you pass near the fortifications on the side of the citadel, you see bodies of troops, with their glittering arms, emerging, every now and then, from subterranean passages. Every thing impresses you with the idea that you are in a great and important city of war;

Drawn by C. Stanfield. Engraved by J. Carr

STRASBOURG.

London, Published for the Proprietor, by Longman & Co Paternoster Row

London Published for the Proprietors by Longman & C.° Paternoster Row

and Strasbourg, in fact, is now the strongest fortress on the German frontiers of France.

The river Ill, and the canal of the Rhine, traverse the town from end to end, and serve as some relief, with their boats and bridges, to the sombre character of the streets. The most striking object, however, in the whole place, and perhaps in all Europe, is the cathedral. When viewed at a distance, the slight and elegant spire, thrust like a spear into the clouds, has a very singular effect; and, from some points of view, where the open work is distinctly seen, it looks liker a sort of filmy painting upon the sky than a solid edifice. On approaching nearer you find it carved and fretted in the richest manner; but, although aware that the height must be immense, it is not till after comparing it with the surrounding buildings you can believe that it is still loftier than the dome of Saint Peter's at Rome. It is built of a red stone, of no very pleasing appearance, but seemingly as durable as marble. The present building dates from 1015; but it is only a renewal of a more ancient temple, founded by Clovis and continued by Charlemagne, which was destroyed by thunder in the year 1007. The association of Masons is said to have had its origin at the construction of this celebrated edifice; and to the present day the supremacy of the Grand Lodge of Strasbourg is recognized through all Germany.

The theatre is a modern building of considerable elegance, and appears to be well attended. When we say well attended, however, we must explain

that we mean with regard to numbers and dress, for the audience consisted, when we were there, almost entirely of elderly or certain-aged ladies. Perhaps the sex does not *come out* so early at Strasbourg as elsewhere in France; but certainly the womankind at the theatre were, without a single exception, *passées*. To us, who live upon beauty, this involved a great hardship; but it was not possible to indulge many minutes in the sullens. The old ladies were so happy, and looked so amiable (as every one does when the enjoyment arises from taste), and two or three were so kindly disposed to exercise the small humanities of society in behalf of the foreign-looking man, that if we had inquired after their grand-daughters at all, it would have been purely as a matter of politeness.

We had formed a travelling acquaintance, at Nancy, with a young Parisian, a M. Farjas; and, although there at the proposed limit of his tour, he did us the favour to accompany us to Strasbourg. At Strasbourg, we persuaded him that, when so near the frontiers, it would be a pity to return to Paris without at least having to say that he had been on German ground; and he accordingly walked with us, across the bridge of boats on the Rhine, into the dominions of the Grand Duke of Baden. The formalities with which we were *congéd* out of France were well contrasted by the simplicity that prevailed on the German side of the river—where, indeed, they seemed anxious about nothing, except that we should pay the toll, and receive a proper acquittance. On crossing the bridge, we entered

the village and town of Kehl. This little town was at one time fortified by Napoleon, as an additional barrier against Germany; but, at the peace of Paris, it returned to the domination of Baden, and the fortifications were rased. The houses that were burnt down to give place to this protection are now rising in turn upon the ruins of the latter. At the inn, which we entered to inquire about the motions of the diligence, we found the small public room furnished with a piano-forte, a guitar, and a flute, for the recreation of the guests—a circumstance which acquainted us that we were within the precincts of a musical country. It may also be mentioned, as an indication of any other propensity you please, that, on asking for refreshments, we were presented with a liqueur, as like as may be to—Old Tom. This "Old Tom," the gentle reader is perhaps aware, passes in London for first cousin to another elderly individual, known by the name of "Old Gooseberry."

In commencing our return, we met with one of those obstacles which make the young traveller turn pale, the business-traveller swear, and the travelling author thank God for an incident. We were entering France from Germany, unprovided with certificates of health, and who could tell that we had not the cholera in our pocket? It was in vain to produce our passports, and to say that we had been only about half an hour on the right bank of the Rhine;—the officer of health was inexorable. As for our Parisian, who had never fallen in with a

travelling adventure before, he was in extacy. The idea of being expatriated for having stepped into a neighbouring country for an instant was delicious; and the turned-up nose, and official sententiousness of the functionary, together with the national gravity with which his English acquaintance argued for the liberty of motion, left nothing to be desired. He grinned, chattered, jumped, and rubbed his hands; and, at length, broke into such fits of laughter, that the officer of health was scandalized. It was this, we verily believe, that saved us from being sent back into Germany; for, as a group of travellers approached the office, its master, apparently alarmed lest his dignity should suffer in the scene, sternly ordered us to pass on.

Having thus broken through the *cordon sanitaire*, we retraced our steps to Strasbourg. The banks of the Rhine, on both sides, are here low and marshy, and present rather a dreary, melancholy aspect. On the left of the road we passed the monument erected by Napoleon to General Dessaix, the sculptures of which are reckoned good.

M. Farjas was so well pleased with his walk into Germany, and had become so much attached (as usually happens) to the comrade who had shared his adventures, that he determined to accompany us to Baden. The next morning, therefore, at an early hour, we set out together in a carriage resembling an Irish inside car, but provided with a moveable cabriolet roof, and leathern curtains. This kind of vehicle, which is drawn by two horses, is usually

preferred to the German diligence. It goes, it is true, at a very deliberate pace, but is otherwise at the entire command of the traveller; and is, besides, when the hirer knows how to make a bargain, somewhat cheaper than the public stage. It is a sort of hackney-coach, but without regulated fares; and with a whole country for its field, instead of a single city. Wherever it is discharged by the traveller, there is its stand whereon it waits patiently for another fare. Sometimes it is taken by four persons journeying to the same place at a very trifling expence to each. If hired by one, the price would be nearly as great; and the driver, besides, would think himself at liberty to take in three others, for his own benefit, if he could get them. The best way, if the traveller does not dislike company, is to stipulate for a good round deduction to be made from his fare for each additional companion who may be taken up on the road.

The nearest road to Baden runs almost parallel with the Rhine, which is from half a league to a league distant. It is seldom, notwithstanding, that a view can be obtained of the river, owing to the flatness of the country. For some distance beyond Kehl, the ground continues marshy, and appears to be cultivated only enough to suffice for the wants of a people in the simplest state of European society. By and by, the villages become more numerous and more important; and from the greater appearance of comfort exhibited by the houses, in comparison with those of France, the conviction gathers gradually

upon our mind that we are in a new country. The roof, which forms the larger part of the surface of each hut, is covered with wood, originally red, to imitate tiles. This, however, by the effects of time and its accessories, has assumed, in most cases, the colour of dark-brown autumn leaves, and assimilates so closely with the October tints of nature around us, that we rarely can perceive our approach to a village till we are just on the point of entering. The monotony of the scenery continues for seven leagues; in the course of which we have passed through the little towns of Bischoffsheim and Stolhofen; but, at the latter place, where we leave the road of the Rhine, and turn up to the right towards the hills, a change takes place which relieves and gladdens the eye.

The road alternately traverses a heath, and plunges into a forest; till, at length, we have approached to within a moderate distance of the visible horizon, which is here formed by the summits of a range of hills. On beginning to ascend, the eye seizes upon a thousand picturesque points of view. Here a hill, crowned with a ruined castle; there a valley, watered by a stream; here a promontory of grey and grisly rocks; there a green bank fit for the daintiest elves in faëry; here a clump of firs as sullen as hatred; there a colony of vines as tender as love—but love fallen, and cast away, and forsaken, the grapes being gathered, and the vintage past! No sign presents itself of the propinquity of a town, till, on entering a colonnade of poplars, we perceive, by the presence

of artificial taste, that we are approaching the dwellings of man. We are in Baden.

The journey of three leagues which we have made from our direct route, the road of the Rhine, seems, at a first glance, to have been thrown away. Baden, in fact, is not in itself a town that one would travel very far to see. It is neither splendid, nor picturesque, nor singular. The *civitas Aurelia acquensis* of the Romans, however, has a thousand circumjacent attractions—not to talk of its subterranean one, the hot water, boiled in Nature's own tea-kettle, for the restoration of the sick and the delectation of the luxurious. The town is situated partly on the side of a hill, and partly in a valley watered by the little river Oelbach. The nearer hills are covered at intervals with vales and beeches, with vineyards and corn-fields between; while the more distant summits, fringed with dark firs, form a bold and striking frame-work to the picture.

The new castle—or rather, the newer castle, there having been a new one before, built on the ruins of a building of the beginning of the fifteenth century—from its commanding situation, and the extensive view it affords of the town beneath, and the surrounding country, is usually one of the first objects of the traveller's curiosity. Its vaults are well worth inspection, and perhaps ought to carry back the date of the original building to the time of the Romans. They are shown to the traveller by a young lady, who flits before him with a light in her hand, and, having led him downwards into dens of darkness

and dismay, freezes his soul with a true and particular account of the purposes for which these excavations were made. They were the court, she tells him, of a secret tribunal which held here its sittings in the middle ages; and here inflicted the punishments it decreed. This was the hall of trial —that the chamber of torture—beyond, the dungeons of perpetual confinement, with doors made of immense blocks of stone, so nicely balanced on their iron hinges as to open and shut with perfect ease. The tale is probable, from the localities, although related only by tradition; and few travellers think of criticism till they ascend into the light of the sun.

The principal hot spring, called *Ursprung*, the source, or original, rises in a hollow rock near the Trinkhalle, or promenade for the drinkers. A little door is opened into a place like a cellar, and the traveller, peeping in, has the satisfaction of seeing a cloud of vapour, and hearing the bubbling of the water, which is produced in this spot at the rate of upwards of seven millions of cubic inches in the day. An apartment adjoins, containing some Roman antiquities. Besides the Trinkhalle, there is, in the bottom of the valley, another building intended for the same purpose, called the House of Conversation. This is a vast edifice, with a handsome façade of Corinthian columns, and comprising, in addition to the principal saloon, which is dedicated to play and conversation, several dining and refreshment-rooms, and a handsome theatre. It is set down in a pretty extensive promenade, arranged in

the form of what, on the Continent, is called an English garden; and adorned with a magnificent alley of chesnut-trees.

Another alley of oaks leads to the valley of Beuern, where the convent of Lichtenthal, perched on the pinnacle of a rock, reminds one of the scenery of the Tyrol. This establishment was formed in 1245, by the wife of a margrave of Baden; and several princesses afterwards, following her example, retired from the world into its cloisters. In the year 1689, when Baden was destroyed by fire and sword, the piety or charms of one of the nuns, who interceded with General Melac, saved her convent. The community still survives the innovations which, at the commencement of the present century, drove so many poor women into this wicked world of secularity, to continue an unrighteous race—

> To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

The vows, however, are now only taken by instalments, once in three years; and if a sister yield to the instigation of the devil (who in conventual mythology is painted like a boy with wings and bow and arrows), and determine to become a wife, she has not long to wait.

The burning of Baden, which we have alluded to, involved also the destruction of the old castle of the Dukes, splendidly situated about three quarters of a league from the town. An alley of maples and acacias conducts from the new castle to a forest of pines, oaks, elms, beeches, and hollies; in the middle

of which the magnificent ruins repose in death-like tranquillity. From the vast extent of the inclosures, and the height of the remaining tower, rising ona mass of porphyry, the spectator is impressed with the same mixture of awe and curiosity which he would feel in meeting on a mountain-top with the bones of a giant. The view from the ruins is one of the finest in this part of Europe. Looking in the direction from which we have travelled, we see the rich smooth plains of the Rhine fading away in the distance into a haze; in the midst of which the minster of Strasbourg, touched, at this instant, by a stream of sunlight, raises its spear-like point. The mountains behind us, the forests around, the enchanting valleys of Baden and Beuern, the wild ravines—the depth of which we are enabled to guess at by the white line of water at the bottom sparkling through the trees,—nay, the town itself, reminding us, with its faint bells, of crowds, and business, and hopes, and fears, and struggles, and the "shock of men," enter into and harmonize, notwithstanding their apparent incongruity, with the general effect of the picture. The whole scene, however, even its most distant details, receives its character from the ruins on which we stand. The bells of the town seem to tell not that time is, but that time was; and they invite not to business or amusements, but to temples and funerals. The rocks are tombstones; the mountains, monuments; the plains, churchyards; the melody of the woods, a death-bed hymn.

CHAPTER II.

THE TRADITIONS OF BADEN.

At the side of the forest is the ruined castle of Eberstien; once the residence of the ancient Counts of that name. According to popular tradition, a subterranean passage formerly communicated between this and the old castle, which is sometimes made the scene of the story of

THE SERPENT-LADY.*

A young man, one of the pages of the Count of Eberstien, was so much despised or disliked for his singularity that, except when duty required his attendance on the master, he was always alone. Being neither a coward nor a hero, one might have thought him to be well qualified to get through the world; but, unfortunately, there was a sort of enthusiasm

* Mr. Schreiber, however, gives the honour to a subterranean passage which is said to have existed between Augst (the Augusta Rauracorum of the Romans) and Basel.

in his character which marred all the fine prospects opened by his gentleman-like person and noble lineage. He was a lover, not of women (which is sometimes useful), but of an ideal fair one, like the Egeria of Numa, whom he wooed in silence, and pursued in solitude. He was, in short, a poetical dreamer who had not yet come into collision with the world; but, missing the edge which would have made or marred him, wandered in the thick darkness that surrounds it, uninjured and unimproved. He was a proficient, however, in Latin and music; he was of course innocent, for he knew no evil; honourable, for he imagined no guile: and for the rest, he had a pleasant melancholy in his look—blue eyes, fresh complexion, and sandy hair inclining to red, such as men call auburn.

This youth, whose name was Hugo, was mightily haunted with the idea of the Subterranean Passage, which had already fallen into disrepair and disrepute. No one knew what he could find to admire in it. No one had entered it for the last hundred years. The peasants, when they came into the neighbourhood at nightfall, coasted round for a mile to avoid looking at it. There, notwithstanding, was Hugo—

"From night till morn, from morn till dewy eve,"

wandering about the mysterious spot as a moth circumnavigates a candle, or standing fixedly looking at the entrance with a mouth as open as its own. Often he attempted to go in, but was as often repelled, he knew not by what. He thought, for some

time, that it was a providential forewarning of evil which prevented him; but, cowardice, he noticed, has a great deal of business in this line, and he began to feel ashamed of his want of spirit.

Determining, at length, to explore the passage, which, by this time, looked more like a cavern than an artificial excavation, he threw himself on his knees before the altar in the chapel of the castle, and prepared himself for the undertaking by prayer. Furnishing himself, then, with a wax taper blessed by the priest, and which had even burned for some time on the altar, he took his way to the spot, and, having again commended his soul to every saint he could think of, plunged into the obscurity of the entrance.

For some time his curiosity was unrewarded, except by sundry bumps on the head from the low roof; and when he had wandered on for about an hour he began to ask himself how far he had yet to go, and where was the utility of taking so painful a route to the castle of Baden. The silence of the place became distressing. He had left the bats and lizards behind, and had entirely passed, as it appeared, the precincts of animal life. This thought, at last, so possessed him, that he stopped for some time to look for an insect on the wall; and, finding none, drops of cold perspiration began to break upon his brow, and his knees to knock against each other, as he pursued his journey.

The passage, which had hitherto been narrow, at length began to widen so much that he was appre-

hensive of losing the channel; but all on a sudden he found himself in a lofty and spacious apartment. He knew not how it was lighted, but at the further end there was a light like that of day; and shading his eyes with his hand he rushed forward, hoping that he had arrived at the end of his journey, and found the egress of the cavern. He had, indeed, found the end, but no egress. The vast apartment was enclosed all round, except where he had himself entered. It was something, however, to have discovered the termination of the passage, and ascertained the incorrectness of the tradition concerning it; and he set himself to observe every thing around with intense curiosity.

The light he saw with amazement proceeded from a crown, studded with enormous sapphires, which lay upon a cushion supported by a pedestal of white marble. Near this object was an iron chest, at least five feet high, and long and broad in proportion; and behind it appeared the curtains of a tent or bed, he knew not which. The youth's heart beat wildly at the sight. This, no doubt, was the treasure-cave —perhaps of a whole people whose very name had long ago perished from the earth; and he, the most fortunate adventurer that ever lived, was the heir of a fund fit to purchase thrones and kingdoms. Shouting with joy, he sprang towards the chest; but a great black dog, that had lain concealed in its shadow, started up with a growl like thunder. The young man stepped back aghast, and the dog advanced, still baying as if he would break his heart,

and his eyes glowing like live coals. The adventurer knew not what to do. He was unarmed. The animal was just about to spring, when a sweet, clear voice rose above the din. The bark of the dog sank growlingly into silence almost in an instant; and, as a lady appeared issuing from the tent, he slunk back to his lair.

The youth was at first too thankful for his escape to expend much wonder upon the singularity of such an apparition in such a place. He stood wiping his brow, and gazing at the lady, who advanced with a kind of undulating motion, which, however, was not so graceful as it was odd. She appeared to be in the prime of youth; and was so dazzlingly beautiful that our adventurer, when exposed to the full blaze of her charms, felt as much confused in his vision as he had been when shone upon suddenly by the sapphire crown. No Grecian statue could ever be more graceful than her bust; and her delicate waist was bound with a cestus of pure gold, on which cabalistic characters were traced. Judge, then, of his horror on discerning, by an accidental wave of her rich dress, that this woman, so divine from the waist upwards, from the waist downwards was a hideous and terrific serpent! His eyes grew dim at the sight, his breath failed, and he would have fallen to the ground had not his senses been recalled by the voice of the mysterious lady.

"I perceive your horror," said she, in a tone such as maidens hear in their dreams, and in such Latin as was spoken at Rome in the days of Augustus;

"and my unhappy heart dies within me in shame and despair. Know, stranger, that I am an unfortunate princess, confined in this dungeon by enchantment for about as many centuries as I had previously lived years. The spell can only be broken by one such as I intuitively perceive you to be,—by one who is brave, devout, and, above all things, chaste, both in mind and body. My deliverer, conquering the abhorrence which I inspire, must give me three kisses upon the lips, when I shall immediately resume my natural shape, and reward his generosity with a hand—not the reverse of fair, if I may believe the courtiers of the emperor of Rome,—and a dowry that shall make him the envy and wonder of the world."

When the princess had spoken, she fixed her beautiful eyes so imploringly on his face, that our adventurer stepped forward almost unconsciously; but a wave of her garment disclosing at the moment a fold of the hideous monster beneath, rooted him to the spot, and shot an icy coldness through his veins.

"Do you love money?" cried the princess eagerly. "Do you love power? See! I have not told you a fable—I have not desired to purchase your kisses with breath!" and, unlocking the iron chest, she raised the lid, and showed him that it was filled to the lip with gold coins.

"Examine them!" said she; "weigh them in your hands, that you may know they are not unreal; fill your pockets, and feel that you have indeed received an earnest of boundless and substantial wealth."

The youth did as he was desired; and gaining courage from the touch of the gold, and avarice from its possession, suddenly, though shudderingly, caught the princess in his arms, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips. At this moment a low moaning sound crept along the walls, indistinct voices filled the air, and a shriek in the distance, repeated by the echoes of the cavern, smote upon his heart. No personal injury, however, had followed his hardihood; and, although more and more disconcerted, he bent forward to bestow the second salute, when the folds of the serpent, issuing from beneath the lady's garment, rolled in horrible volumes around his feet. His gorge rose at the loathly sight. He grew sick as well as terrified, and would have fled from the spot had not the unhappy princess, with a low despairing cry, besought him to have pity. He turned his eyes upon her face. She was so beautiful in her tears! He again stepped towards her. His heart beat faintly; but it beat with pity and generosity, intermingled with a little avarice. He kissed her lips a second time.

No sooner had the second salute been given than a burst of thunder shook the cavern. Screams and groans were mingled with shouts of horrible laughter; blasts of wind rushed through the apartment from every point of the compass; the black dog bayed louder than ever; and the serpent, with a hissing sound which grated upon the very soul, rolled out its folds, and smote the floor with its tail with a violence which produced a shock like that of an earthquake. Overcome with so many horrors,

the youth, unable to summon courage to complete the adventure, took one last look of the princess, and fled.

"Oh, do not leave me!" shrieked the lady; but he fled the faster, pursued, as it seemed, by the laughter of all the fiends of the abyss.

"Pity! Pity! Oh, for mercy's sake!" He covered his ears with his hands as he continued to fly.

"Help! Help! Help!" The sounds became fainter, and fainter, and at last ceased.

When the page regained the entrance of the subterranean passage, and found himself once more in the blessed light of the sun, he sunk down exhausted, and presently fell into a sleep which lasted till the evening. He then got up, cold, stiff, and trembling, and took his way to the castle of Eberstien. The adventures of the morning seemed like a dream; but his pockets, heavy with gold, convinced him of their reality, and a burning thirst reminded him that he had neither eaten nor drank the entire day.

"Wine!—wine!" were the first words which escaped from his frozen lips; and, as goblet after goblet was presented to him by his wondering companions, he snatched at it eagerly, and swallowed the contents at a draught. Then followed his first, but not his last, intoxication! He drank at first to relieve thirst—then to drown memory, and overpower the voice which for ever shrieked in his ears help! help! help!—then from taste and liking—

then from habit. He had *money* wherewithal to gratify his new propensities—money that burned in his pocket, and corroded his very soul. Fatal acquisition! Won lightly, so was it spent; and acquired suddenly, even so did it vanish! Women came after wine, and contributed almost as much to enervate and destroy him. A curse seemed to hang upon the fatal treasure; and it was not till the last coin was gone, and he had sunk into poverty and disgrace, that he formed a resolution at once prudent and brave, as he imagined, and determined to seek the cavern again, and, by the third kiss, relieve his beautiful and horrible princess, and possess himself of her dowry.

Once more he set out on the adventure; but the mouth of the subterranean passage could not be found. Days, weeks, months, were consumed in the fruitless search. He at length arrived at a spot which he was sure he could recognize, notwithstanding the alterations that had taken place. Rocks were piled upon rocks in sublime confusion, and, although each was shattered and riven, the whole formed in their combination a barrier that defied the puny efforts of man. As he approached, the holy taper was extinguished in his hand; the earth trembled; and he heard an indistinct voice of laughter from beneath. Then the words of the lady were re-echoed in his heart, as she had described the hero for whom the adventure was reserved, "*Brave—devout—chaste!*"—and, with a cry of horror and self-abasement, the young man

covered his face with his hands, and fled from the spot.

From that day to this the subterranean passage has never been discovered. Its existence is only proved by tradition, and by the testimony of the belated hind, who, when wandering near the rocks, still starts and trembles as he hears the voice of the serpent-lady bewailing her unhappy fate.

Some of the Castellans of Eberstien, it appears from tradition, were quite as improper characters as any of the pages. One of them in particular is celebrated for the mean tyranny which he exercised towards his servant-girls, in refusing them husbands, and other necessary indulgences, such as bread and wine. His character is given in the well-known tradition of

THE WEDDING-SHIRT AND THE WINDING-SHEET.

Clara, according to the common report, was a young lass possessed of a thousand charms and one lover. The latter she wished to convert into a husband, but in vain solicited leave from her master so to do. He answered her entreaties either with flat negatives or brutal jests; and on one occasion demanded what she would give for his permission?

"My prayers, my services," answered the poor girl.

"Prayers!—pooh, pooh! Services!—what services? What can you do but eat me up, with the

other idle sluts of the household? Look here," and he dragged her roughly to the window—"tell me what you see below?"

"I see my father's grave," replied Clara, sobbing; "and I see that it is overgrown with nettles, since you will not allow me even the few minutes in the week which would suffice to keep it in order."

"Minutes, indeed!" said the Castellan: "Do you not know that an industrious person may make *thread* out of nettles? Go, pluck me those nettles, and when you have spun a wedding-shirt for yourself, and a winding-sheet for me, you may marry, and be—happy."

Clara went down to her father's grave, and threw herself among the nettles, weeping as if her heart would break.

"What is to do here?" said a little old woman who came by, "What are you crying for, child?"

"I am crying because I do not know how to spin wedding-shirts and winding-sheets out of nettles."

"You don't, don't you?" said goody; "then I do!" and she cut an armful or two of nettles, and, tying them together, threw them across her shoulder.

"Go in, and mind your business, child," said she, "and let me alone to spin the web."

In a day or two, the Castellan of Eberstien was hunting among the rocks, and came to the entrance of the grotto where the little old woman lived. She was sitting in the sun, spinning with all her might.

"That is fine thread," said the Castellan; "what have *you* to do with such thread? Where did you

get the flax? Did you steal it? Did you steal it from *me*?"

"No," answered the little old woman, composedly, "I spun it from the nettles I found growing on a grave under your window." The Castellan laughed; but it was observed that he fell into a reverie, that lasted all the rest of the day.

In due time Clara made her appearance before him, one afternoon when his heart was merry with wine. She had two pieces of white cloth under her arm, and, kneeling before him, she said:

"This is my wedding-shirt, and this is your winding-sheet; both spun from the nettles that grew on my father's grave. I demand the boon you promised me."

"I grant it," said the Castellan: "Home, girl, and get thee married; and take this for a dowry!" Clara went away, and was united to her lover; but the merry chime of the bells was stopped in the midst, that they might toll a death-peal for the Castellan of Eberstien.

The castle of Yberg, which is seen from the Ducal castle, may also be mentioned, although at three leagues' distance from Baden. It is situated on a conical hill, from which the Black Forest, on one side, and the immense plains of the Rhine, on the other, present themselves in fine contrast. The grey dawn of an autumn morning is the best time for the traveller to betake himself to this spectacle, and he should remain till the sun has risen over the Lichtenthal; but he will hardly be able to persuade

the peasants of the neighbourhood to accompany him before it is completely day-light, Yberg being a favourite haunt of spectres and hobgoblins.

There are not many of the castles of the Rhine more fruitful than this in *stories;* and for the delectation of the gentle reader we shall choose one not quite so vague and pointless as the majority of such traditions. He may call it—if he cannot think of a more captivating title—

THE THIN GENTLEMAN.

The remains of the castle of Yberg consist of two grey towers, one of them shattered from top to bottom by thunder. The family to which the building belonged has been long extinct; and the last of the race, by his crimes and impiety, is said to have drawn down the vengeance of heaven even upon the roof which sheltered his sacrilegious head. It appears from the tradition that he had ruined his fortune by excess and debauchery, and then lived—like other knights of the time, who had strong towers and sharp swords—by strife and robbery. Chancing, however, to lose one of his arms in an encounter, his success was no longer proportioned to his daring; and his followers at length, disgusted with bare walls and short commons, deserted their chief. The latter, left alone in his castle, amused himself with cursing the world and its want of virtue, and with taking a purse now and then, when nights were dark and travellers few or unwarlike.

One evening, when sitting in his porch, on the walls of which the ivy and wall-flower were already mingling with the vine, a pilgrim approached the den of the robber.

"You are poor, Sir Knight," said he; "you would be rich?"

"Certes," answered the knight, surlily, but with the kind of bastard hope which springs up when rational expectations are at an end.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the pilgrim, "that is strange; but no stranger than to see a man moping in poverty and misery, when gold and jewels may be had for the gathering even under his own roof."

"If I but knew how to gather!" exclaimed the knight bitterly, as he sunk again into despondency: "You allude, I perceive, to a tradition which is known to every peasant-serf in the country-side—that my great-great-grandfather, when this castle was about to be taken by assault, buried his treasures before giving himself up to the knife."

"I do," answered the pilgrim; "I was by at the time." The knight jumped upon his feet.

"You!" said he, "You! Why that is a hundred and fifty years ago!" and he looked suspiciously at the stranger. The latter was a man about the ordinary height, but marvellously thin. His legs had no more calf than the tongs; he was as grey as a rat; and his skin looked as if it had been drawn wet over his bones, and then left, in the course of years, to dry, and harden, and bleach, and seam, and crack.

"I was by, I tell you," repeated the stranger: "Where is the harm? What have you to do with that? Having been present at the when, I of course know all about the where; and as I perceive you are a regular chip of the old block, who was always a great friend of mine, I will tell you the secret if you have a mind to hear it."

"Say on, then," said the knight with a gasp; "only I wish you were not so thin, and that you had come to me in the forenoon."

"The forenoon would not answer our purpose," said the stranger, "things must be done according to rule. Thin! I would have you to know I have turned the head of many a pretty girl before now!" And he cut a caper with so much agility that the other knew not what to think.

"Well, well," said the knight, a little enviously perhaps, "my dancing-days are over, if your's are not. Tell me the secret, and to pick and shool with us at once! Where is the treasure buried?"

"In the graves of your ancestors; who have it in as safe keeping as if it was under lock and key." The knight started and grew pale.

"What is the matter? Are they not *your* ancestors? Is it not *your* money? However, these dead folks, who can make no use of riches themselves, are too apt to play the dog in the manger, and keep them from those who can. It will be needless to dig in the graves so long as a bone of one of them is there. You must bring up your relations, one by one, apron-full by apron-full, and

lay them here, in the moonlight, all round the porch. It is a fine night, and they will not be the worse of the airing." The knight trembled; he was about to cross himself.

"Hollo! No nonsense!" cried the stranger, hastily staying his hand: "If you do not like the adventure, say so at once without mummery; and I shall carry my advice to men of more sense and courage." As he spoke, he threw his cloak in dudgeon upon his shoulders, and was turning away, when the knight caught hold of the garment (which felt like a blanket made of spiders' webs), and besought him to have patience.

"I cannot starve," said he; "I am not strong enough to rob, and I must have money. Sacrilege or no sacrilege, I will do your bidding!" The stranger accompanied him to the door of the chapel; but when the knight besought him to enter and assist—

"I beg you to excuse me," said he, with a strange chuckling laugh; "they are no kinsfolk of mine; I have no right to lay a finger on them; and I confess I am punctilious in matters that touch my honour."

"At least come in, then, if it is only across the threshold; that I may know there is something living near me in this dismal vault, where the moonbeams are gliding like spectres among the pillars."

"I really would oblige you if I could; but I dare not."

"How, dare not?"

"No; I have got such a cold; it would be the death of me:" and the stranger, by way of a specimen, emitted a dry hollow cough, so oddly mingled with chuckling laughter, that the knight felt his hair rising upon his head as he entered the chapel alone. His strength seemed increased, however, rather than diminished, by his terror; and, with the aid of a pick-axe, he speedily raised the stone from every grave in the place. It was an awful thing to see the effect of the moonlight as it fell quiveringly upon the skeletons. One seemed to stir its foot—another to point with its finger—and a third to grin and leer; but when the knight seized upon some of the bones in desperation, and found that the pieces of the skeleton fell asunder in his hand, he had nearly fainted with horror. It was like committing parricide!

"It *is* sacrilege!" said he to himself—"It *is* sacrilege!" Nevertheless, he filled an apron with bones from one of the graves, and carried them out into the moonlight. He then returned for another load; and so on till he had emptied all the graves, except the last and newest.

When he came to this one, it was not alone from fatigue that he paused, or from fear that he trembled. In the grave was buried a little child, the only one who had ever called him father—the only being he had ever loved. This had been the single bond of connexion between him and the sympathies of his species; and when the child died (many years ago), there fell upon its pale cold face the only

virtuous tears its father had ever shed. The child was now lying in the grave—

As if he had not been dead a day!

The little body had not even shrunk in the grasp of death. It was like an image of virgin wax, which (itself being formed of dead matter) imitated sleep. The father felt a film come over his eyes as he knelt beside the grave, and took up his child. He laid it tenderly in his arms and against his bosom, like a living infant; and, forgetting for the moment the purpose he had in view, carried it out unconsciously into the moonlight.

Loud and long laughed the stranger as he appeared.

"Set it down here," said he, "and the circle will be complete; then step over the line of bones to me, and I shall whisper the remaining secret in your ear." The knight, as he was about to set down his gentle burthen, fancied that the infant stirred.

"Make haste, make haste!" cried the stranger, bending over the circle, and curving his long lean hand to take hold of the knight's. The infant opened its eyes.

"Make haste!" cried the stranger again, and his voice rose to an unearthly shriek: "Throw down the bantling, and follow me, or you are lost!"

"My father shall *not* follow you!" said the dead child: "Hence, mocking fiend, for this place is mine! You have no final power where a single holy affection remains, as a bond of union between the soul of man and its Creator!" At these words, the stranger

vanished, with shrieks of mingled laughter and agony; the earth shook, and a peal of thunder broke over the building, which laid it in ruins.

Unarmed, bare-headed, wrapped in hair-cloth, and with a pilgrim's staff in his hand, the old robber that night left the castle of his ancestors, never more to return.

Beyond Yberg, on the mountains to the south-east, is the lake called the Mummelsee, or the Fairies' Lake, about which also a thousand odd stories are told, that we have no room to relate. The situation is one of the wildest imaginable. The lake is on the top of a mountain, surrounded by black rocks and firs, and has *no bottom*. The remains of a raft are still shown on the banks, constructed by a Duke of Würtemberg for the purpose of sounding its depths. Nine balls of cord had been thrown over without finding the bottom, when, all on a sudden, the raft, unmindful of the laws of gravity, began to sink. The Duke, of course, made for the shore in great haste, and gave up the enterprise.

One evening, a little strange-looking man came to a peasant in the neighbourhood, and asked for a night's lodging.

"I have no bed," replied the peasant, "or it should be at your service; but you may lie, either upon a bench here, or spread yourself some rushes in the barn."

"I would rather, if you have no objection, sleep in the hemp-pool."

"The deuce you would!" exclaimed the host; "have your choice, then, a-God's name!—or you are even welcome to the reservoir, if you like it better—or the trough under the well-spout!" The little man, however, tucked himself in under the hemp in the pool, and made himself snug for the night.

The next morning, he came to his host with his clothes as dry as if he had slept in a feather-bed.

"Who are you?" asked the latter in a panic; "What are you after?—Where are you going?"

"I am going to the Mummelsee," said the little man; "to look for my faithless wife, whom I have sought in vain in all the other lakes of Germany. Come with me, and, if I do not return, I shall at least make you a signal to inform you how I have sped." They went together to the lake, and the stranger walked into the waters and disappeared. In about two hours, the peasant saw the little man's stick rise above the surface, with bubbles of blood around it; and, conceiving that this was doubtless the promised signal, he ran home in a fright.

One peculiarity of this lake is, that, if you throw any odd number of stones into it, such a storm will arise that you shall think you have raised the devil! But enough of this. Let us go back to Baden, and take care that we do not imagine, in our dreams, that we are sleeping in a hemp-pool.

CHAPTER III.

KARLSRUHE AND HEIDELBERG.

We left Baden late in the evening, and, after riding two leagues and a half, reached Radstadt to supper. This town, which was formerly the residence of the margraves, and is known in history as the place where Prince Eugene and Marshal Villars held their negociations for peace, and where the Congress assembled in 1797, is larger than Baden, containing nearly six thousand inhabitants. The traveller who is more desirous of seeing the Rhine than the surrounding country, may float himself down from Radstadt on one of the rafts which are sometimes carried past the town by the river Murg. Entering the Rhine near Steinmauern, he will glide down its stream, which speedily begins to writhe and twist like a serpent, as far as Mannheim.

The rich countries of the Palatinate (on the left bank of the Rhine) are not less worthy a visit than the ducal domains through which we are about to

travel. The voyager we have imagined, after swinging past various villages, will arrive at the small town of Germersheim, where its founder, Rodolph of Hapsburg, died. The space, extending from hence towards Landau in the interior, is said to be the most highly cultivated in all Rhenish Bavaria; but, although we visited the whole of this bank of the Rhine in a former journey, we must confine ourselves pretty closely in the description to our actual route, or our *libellum* will grow out of all shape. The next place of consequence on the brink of the river is Speier, the capital of Rhenish Bavaria. The Dome, or cathedral of this celebrated city, contains the tombs of no less than nine emperors. It was the prey, alternately, of the Romans, Germans, Huns, Vandals, and Franks; and its visitations of fire and sword continued down even to the time of the revolution of 1794. About a century before, a French general, finding it necessary to remove his troops from this ill-fated place, gave notice to the inhabitants, by sound of trumpet, to get out of the way by a certain time. They, of course, obeyed the mandate, and looked on from a little distance while their famous city was laid in ashes. It is not wonderful that there are few remains of antiquity here.

On arriving at Mannheim, on the right bank, a city of nineteen thousand inhabitants, our voyager will find the aspect of the place very different. It was at best only a modern affair of the beginning of the seventeenth century, but was destroyed in the Thirty Years' war. Having arisen again, it was

again destroyed by the French, in 1689; and, raising its head for the third time, it became, what it is at this moment, one of the *neatest* cities (if such a word can be applied to such an object) in Europe. Till the year 1806, the fortifications were very strong, and the low and marshy ground on which the place stands could be laid under water in an instant. At that time, however, the defences of war were destroyed, and the outworks converted into gardens and promenades. The Rhine waters the town on one side, and the Neckar on the other. The streets are laid out in rectangles, and nothing can exceed their elegance, regularity, and cleanliness. The churches are superbly adorned, and the common people (which seems to be almost a natural conse quence) in a state of starvation. The old Pagan custom of presenting wearing apparel to the gods—as instanced in the mantle offered by Hecuba to Pallas—is kept up here with laudable zeal. The Virgin Mary boasts of petticoats that might excite the envy of half the belles in Europe; while the mass of her worshippers have scarcely clothes enough for decency, and not half enough for comfort. From the towers of Mannheim the view is very extensive; comprehending Frankenthal, Worms, Speier, and the whole country to the mountains of Alsace.

And now, as the raft has been broken up for fire-wood, our voyager may go into the "Black Bear," or the "Black Lion," and amuse himself, if he is so minded, with a bottle of Hochheimer, while we pursue our journey in our own way. We shall meet again.

We left Radstadt in the dawn of the morning; and, after a ride of four leagues, arrived at Ettlingen, a town of some consideration at the entrance of the valley of Alb. As the sun rose, we found the country flat and uninteresting on either side; and it was not till we began to approach Karlsruhe, two leagues further on, that the dreary richness of the landscape was relieved by extensive plantations, and some fine forest-scenery in the distance. An immense avenue of poplars led us into the capital of the Grand Duke of Baden.

Karlsruhe is a city of straight lines diverging from a common centre; which common centre is the palace of the Grand Duke. Its twenty thousand citizens must be the most loyal people in the world, for they never can lose sight of their sovereign. They must be reminded of his authority at every turn. They cannot look out of their windows without seeing his. His eye is upon them, like that of Providence, all day long; and, if any body wanted to hatch an intestine commotion, it would be necessary to get out of the town for the purpose. Karlsruhe is a German Versailles on a large scale, but without either its greatnesses or meannesses. It is not a city, but a court—not an assemblage of streets, but a single edifice, with multitudinous wings and chambers. Where the common people lodge (if there are any) heaven knows! The houses are all nearly alike, and all delicately painted from top to bottom. There are no shops, with their staring and stared-at windows. The tradesmen (if it be lawful to call

them such), ashamed of their avocation, conceal it as much as possible. There are no sign-boards, with their vulgar associations—nothing but a name, appearing as if reluctantly, and that rarely. The streets are naturally so clean that the kennels are only used for ornament; and a stranger, if treated inhospitably, would be obliged to go out of the town to get dust upon his shoe to fling at the offenders. The puddles in Karlsruhe are so clear that they may be used for mirrors; and so punctilious are the citizens, that our French friend was fined for throwing a little water, in the Parisian fashion, out of his window. "Allow me to trouble you, sir," said the functionary of police, "for thirty kreuzers." The Frenchman was grieved and astonished!

We mean no disrespect to M. Farjas, who is really a fine fellow; but the Parisians, taking them in the mass, are assuredly the nastiest animals in all Europe. The contrariety, too, is singular which appears in their tastes; for they like mirrors better than any thing except dirt. They dote upon perfumes and essences. Anybody would think that they could not distinguish one from another, in the odour of *un*sanctity in which they live; but, in the same way, the Venetian ladies, who inhale from their birth the frightful stench of the canals, are said to have the olfactory nerve so delicately strung that they faint away at the smell of a flower—

Die of a rose, in aromatic pain.

past, we saw a young man leaning upon one of the windows, and gazing with all his might into the room—

as toward a star,

where a bonnie lassie sat knitting at the table, with her younger brothers and sisters. It may have been fancy, but we imagined that we saw a demure smile peering out of her downcast eye-lids, and a soft warm blush mantling over the natural roses of her cheeks.

Heidelberg is a considerable town, situated in the romantic valley of the Neckar. This river has its rise in the Black Forest, a few leagues from the sources of the Danube. It rolls, the greater part of its journey, between a double range of mountains; at the end of which, where the country slopes down upon the plains of the Rhine, stands the city of the Mount of the Heathen, Heidelberg. The annexed view is taken from the opposite side of the river, and gives that finished and yet poetical idea of the whole scene which is the perfection of landscape-painting. The burin, notwithstanding, has been a little too busy with the outline of the windows and walls, so that the castle has scarcely enough of the air of a ruin.

Its university, the most ancient in Germany next to that of Prague, was founded in the fourteenth century, and became one of the most renowned in Europe. It began to decline, however, in the wars of the Reformation, and in 1802 was almost wholly ruined

HEIDELBERG.

by the cession of the left bank of the Rhine, which swept away the greater part of its revenues. But Charles Frederick, the Elector of Baden, to whose lot the Palatinate had fallen, proved, instead of an enemy, a princely benefactor; and under his auspices the university began again to flourish, and at this moment counts about eight hundred students.

It was here we were first struck with the boyish air of ferocity affected by the German students. It would be impossible to give an idea of the scene into which we plunged, on entering the public room of the hotel, without incurring the suspicion of very gross exaggeration. From fifteen to twenty students were assembled, and engaged in a debate about *liberty*, that resembled the wrangling of robbers over their booty. Shouts and curses, emitted in coarse vulgar voices, interrupted the speakers every moment; sometimes a hostile pair would start up and betake themselves to the law of clubs; and sometimes the whole party rose from the table and were engaged in the melée. In surprise, mingled with curiosity, we sat over our solitary refreshment; and the idea occurred to us, that it was no wonder if such brawlers should be found of little use in a struggle involving the dignity of man and the true interests of the human race.

The next day we entered, in the forenoon, the room of a low public house, where we learned the students were in the nightly habit of congregating. It was like a London tap-room, with sanded floor and deal tables; but, on asking for a glass of *beer*

(the drink of the patriotic learned), we found, to our great surprise, in the first place, that it was pleasant, and, in the second place, that it was weak. The latter quality, however, we understood is corrected in drinking by the quantity, and by the fumes of tobacco; and, indeed, we heard here so many anecdotes, too well authenticated (with which we shall not disgust the reader), as to impress us with something which we fear was not far distant from disdain, of the "flower of Germany." It may be worth noting, as it serves to give some idea of the character of the learned frequenters of this house, that the servant, after furnishing us with the glass of beer, could not be prevailed upon, either by the commands or entreaties of the other guests, to move from our chair till he had received the small copper coin which the potation cost! This, however, we confess, would seem to tell against the respectability of *our own* appearance—and the students are welcome to the plea.

The castle of Heidelberg is one of the most remarkable ruins we ever saw; and it possesses this singularity (if we may be allowed to speak peremptorily of a matter of taste), that it is far from being improved by the autumnal tints which at the present season surround it, and which usually add so much to the beauty, as well as the moral, of decayed architecture. The reason is, that it is built of a reddish stone, too closely assimilated with the hues of nature to afford sufficient contrast. At any other time of the year, these truly sublime wrecks, when

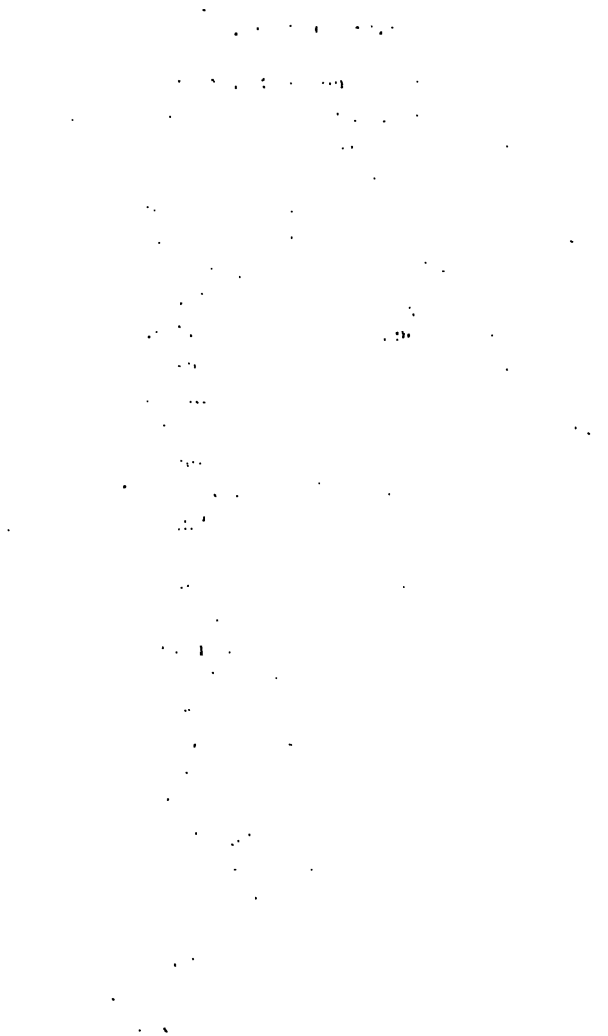
viewed at a little distance, in conjunction with the Kaiserstahl beyond, and the ruins on the summit of the Heiligenberg, or Holy Mountain, must form one of the most striking pictures in Europe.

It would be impossible to give any intelligible idea, in the few words to which we are restricted, of so vast and complicated a building. It stands upon the hill which forms the termination of the wilder part of the valley of the Neckar, overlooking the town, and presenting a view from its towers which terminates only with the distant Vosges. The hill, the name of which is Jettenbuhl, is a continuation of the long freestone mountain, called Heidelberg, from which the town derives its appellation. The former name is derived by tradition from a prophetess, called Jetta, who haunted the hill in some early age, and predicted the appearance of a princely building on the same spot. This personage was devoured by a wolf in one of her rambles in the neighbourhood, and the spot is still called Wolfsbrun, or the Fountain of the Wolf. The fountain has now disappeared; so also has an immense Linden tree hich overshaded it; and a *pagoda* has raised its absurd head upon the spot. The air of loneliness, and melancholy, and mystery, however, which distinguished the place, still survives, and probably will continue to do so till the Heidelbergians build their villas in the valley, and suffocate the Dryads with tobacco-smoke.

An earlier castle had its site on a promontory of a

mountain called the Little Geissberg; but when, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, the present building was founded, by a member of the now royal family of Bavaria, the former was converted into an arsenal; and about the year 1587 it was struck with lightning, and so completely destroyed, by the firing of the powder-magazine, that to-day the traveller, striking his stick into the heaps of moss around him, inquires whether this was the ancient castle of Heidelberg?

A singular coincidence was observed in the fate of the modern edifice—or the comparatively modern. It had been greatly dilapidated in the Thirty Years' war—almost wholly destroyed by the arms of Louis XIV.—and appeared to be consigned to complete decay, by the desertion of the electoral family in 1720, who removed their residence to Mannheim. From the two first calamities it raised its head more proudly than ever; and, in 1764, the Elector, Charles Theodore, determined to lead back his court to the princely halls of Heidelberg. The decree of fate, however, had passed. The removal of the furniture had already commenced, and the whole town was astir with joy and expectation; when, in the afternoon of the twenty-third of June, the eve of the festival of St. John, a terrific clap of thunder shook the valley. The lightning had fallen upon the octagon tower, which was speedily seen in flames. The fire spread; no effort could withstand the devouring element; and, in the morning, the castle



of Heidelberg was the same gaunt and shattered, but still superb, ruin which it is to-day, when, instead of minstrel-music, the wind sweeps wildly through its desolate halls, and owls and bats tenant the chambers of princes.

An object like this should be seen by the glimpses of the moon; and, lo! the genius of Stanfield has so conjured it before us. A thin, hazy veil overspreads the face of the queen of night; and the clouds hurry mystic and shapeless across the troubled sky. Yet this is an hour of festivity within the black, stern walls before us—for the castle, you may see by the gleaming windows, is lighted up. It is lighted up by the moonbeams gliding through its roofless chambers; and who may tell what forms, that the eye of day never looked on, meet and wander there, or what voices are those that shriek on the gusts of night. The town, far below, is as hushed as death; there is not even a boat on the river; an object that looks like the figure of a man on the bridge is, in reality, a marble statue—cold, pale, and still: but two human shapes, alone in this scene of desolation, wander slowly among the rocks that overlook the city of the silent. Who are they? Wait a little longer, and you shall see them slowly retrace their steps, and glide into the ruined portal of the castle, to mingle with their comrades of the night.

The valley of the Neckar is crowded with traditions; but we prefer illustrating our little book with a very affecting instance of patriotic devotion, the

hero of which was a student at the University of Heidelberg. This young man was Antoni Helcel, the son of Helcel, a banker at Cracow, in Poland. When the intelligence arrived of the revolt of the Poles, he immediately bade his companions adieu, and hastened home.

"My son! my son!" cried the alarmed father, when Antoni, whom he imagined to be safe at Heidelberg, suddenly presented himself: "In an evil hour are you come! I have but two of you—this young lad and yourself—and I cannot spare you, Antoni. You must be a father to him when I am gone. What is your purpose, my rash, but beloved boy?"

"I thought you might be in danger, father," replied Antoni, "and I came to see that you, and my mother, and my young brother, were well cared for in these disastrous times. But I am now weary and faint with travel; let me lie down to rest, and you shall know all in the morning." He went to bed in the same room with his brother. The anxious parents got up betimes, and stole softly to listen whether he was awake. All was silent; and a great part of the morning elapsed before they could determine on disturbing the slumbers of their son. At length, becoming almost alarmed, they entered the room. It was empty. With a quaking heart the father saw that the arms which had hung by the wall as an ornament were absent too. The predictions of his heart were verified. Antoni and his young brother, in the middle of the night, had

left their parents in the keeping of God, and had gone to offer their swords to their country. The battle of Grochow was fought a few days after. The noble youths arrived just in time to share the glory; *and were both slain.*

CHAPTER IV.

THE NECROMANTIC LAKE.

It is said that, in the country between Heidelberg and Darmstadt, there lay, in former times, a vast lake. A necromancer, as the tradition relates, who had kept the whole region in terror, was at length laid hold of by the king, and hung up in the air in an iron cage, so as to render his charms unavailing. In this position—not unlike the one which finishes the tricks of meaner evil-doers in our own time—the captive proposed terms of ransom, and offered, as the price of his liberty, to dry up the lake, and convert the spot into a fertile plain. The overture was accepted, and the stipulations honourably fulfilled by both parties. The disappearance of the water from this place satisfactorily accounts for the whirlpool in the Rhine, at Bingen, called Bingerloch!

The tradition would really seem to be confirmed by the appearance of the country; where the steep

sides of the mountains look as if they had been indeed intended to form a breast-work against the waves. Hills rise in the midst of the plain, which the laziest imagination might convert into islands; and near Darmstadt there is a sandy flat, where no doubt the waters sunk, and disappeared in their subterranean caves.

Four leagues from Heidelberg is Weinheim, a town of nearly five thousand inhabitants; which, with its ruined fortifications, and steep and narrow streets, presents an aspect of great antiquity. The surrounding heights are crowned by the old castle of Windeck, a Carmelite convent, and other picturesque objects; while, in the town itself, two ancient houses, one of the Knights Templars, and one of the Teutonic Order, still remain to plunge the traveller into a reverie.

Before pursuing the road to Darmstadt, the traveller would do well to make an excursion to the right, by the lonely and savage valley of the Weschnitz; where the little stream sweeps between two stupendous ranges of grey rock, in so narrow a passage that there is scarcely room for the road. After passing Birkenau, the same route conducts to Furth in the Odenwald, and to Reichenberg, near which is the ruined castle of Rodenstein, celebrated for a natural, or, as some say, a preternatural phenomenon, for the cause of which, philosophy being at fault, we must apply to tradition. The answer to such inquiries would be given, by any peasant of the district, in the following story of—

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

In the stirring and romantic times of feudal law, when a single knight, armed from head to heel, made a whole province of villains tremble, the castle of Rodenstein boasted for its master the bravest and handsomest baron in all Germany. There was one grievous fault in his character, however: he was insensible to the power of love. War was his only business, and the chase his only amusement; and, immersed from morning till night in such pursuits, it is no wonder that his mind became indurated, as it were, and refused to yield to any other impression than might be conveyed by dint of hard blows. He had, indeed, scoured the forest so long, in the company of wild beasts, that even his good qualities were at last tinged with something of the brutal. The peasants dreaded the sound of his footsteps—the lords envied and hated him—the priests cursed him between their teeth; the ladies alone smiled when his name was pronounced, but some, even of them, shook their heads while they smiled, and all secretly longed to tame the Wild Huntsman of Rodenstein.

A little breathing-time having accidentally taken place in the midst of the wars of an age when every man's hand was against his neighbour, the Count Palatine proclaimed a tournament, and invited the barons from far and near to attend, and keep their lances from rusting. When the knight of Rodenstein dashed into the lists, on his coal-black steed, the

shout that rent the air was observed to be shriller by many notes than any of the former ones; and an agitation appeared among the plumes and scarfs on the ladies' benches which seemed to be the effect of a sudden squall.

The knight was indeed a radiant and a glorious creature to look at. There was nobility in his haughty bearing, and a beautiful pride smiled, half scornfully, on his curled lip. The glow of health was burnt into his cheek by the sun; and his eyes shot such sparks of light from between their sable fringes as might have seemed equally well calculated either to illumine or destroy. He closed his vizor as the herald's trumpet sounded; and, having poised his lance, both horse and rider stood for an instant as still and beautiful as a Greek sculpture. The next moment, fire flashed from beneath the animal's heels, and, as if conjured into motion by a magical spell, the apparition swept along its path like lightning. A shock—a crash—a cry, in the middle of the course, told of the encounter; but all was over in an instant. A knight and a steed rolled upon the plain, and the young baron of Rodenstein continued his career to the end of the lists without exhibiting any perceptible change—except in the pennon at the end of his lance, which streamed no more in the wind, but hung heavy and sluggish around the staff, dabbled and splashed with red.

The same feat was performed so often that at last it became a matter of some difficulty to find a champion willing to risk the encounter. Our knight

was accordingly declared conqueror of the day, and would straightway have galloped off, had not the Count Palatine besought him to comply with the customs of chivalry, and consent to receive the prize of his prowess from the lady whose duty it was to bestow it. Chafing at the delay, smiling with contempt, and blushing with awkwardness, the warrior suffered himself to be led into the enchanted circle formed by the witcheries of beauty. Here he withstood undauntedly the love-spells that were around him. Cold and haughty, yet embarrassed, he met the eyes of the fair with little more emotion than if he had been shone on merely by the stars of heaven.

But when, at length, he bent his stubborn knee before the presiding enchantress, Maria, of the noble house of Hochberg,* he felt a thrill of at least surprise. The damsel, who was not more than sixteen, appeared ready to sink with emotion. One moment she was as pale as marble; the next, the sudden blood suffused brow, and cheek, and bosom, in one gush of beauty. While affixing the scarf upon the shoulders of the kneeling warrior, she trembled so excessively that the far and hidden fountain of pity in his bosom was opened. When he gazed upon the small, delicate, fragile, shrinking—and oh! how beautiful!—form that bent over him, a sudden softness rose into his heart. The kiss which he imprinted on her hand, fraught with the electrical

* The ruins of the castle of Hochberg, or Hochburg, are the most considerable, next to those of Heidelberg, in the whole country of Baden.

power of love, tingled through the frames of both. He rose in confusion, with a beating heart and a burning cheek—their eyes met—the damsel fainted!

The wild huntsman of Rodenstein, from this moment, became as tame as a pet spaniel which a lady leads about her garden with a chain of flowers. What needs much speaking? He knelt again at the feet of Maria; but it was in silence and solitude, when the voice of the evening had sunk into a mystic whisper among the trees of the alcove, and when the moon, "pale witness," stood serene and alone in the heavens. The words he uttered we must not repeat; but they are known to thee, most charming reader! the sleeping beauty of whose eyes has now suddenly awakened, and who, with a troubled smile and an untroubled sigh, bendest expectantly thy neck of snow over the page. To thee, oh, *ancient* reader! they would be—

> A spell of power
> To wake the buried slumberers of the heart,
> Where memory lingers o'er the grave of passion,
> Watching its tranced sleep!

Heaven help thee!—we will not have it on our conscience to disturb thy wintry tranquillity—read on in peace. The spell was in due time completed by the ceremonial magic of the church; the knight of Rodenstein became a husband; and the rude castle of war let down its drawbridge to receive a fair, and young, and gentle mistress.

> "How happily the days of Thalaba went by!"

The lover in becoming a husband only learned to love

more fondly. War was forgotten; the chase abandoned. Love alone was his business, his pleasure, his life, his heaven.—The seventh moon shone on his happiness.

At this period the beautiful Maria became every day less beautiful, but more interesting. The roses fled from her cheeks, and symmetry abandoned her form. The vassals of Rodenstein looked upon her with reverence and gratitude, for they saw that she was about to bestow an heir upon the house of their chief. The knight himself was necessarily more alone—more in the power of himself. The wings of his guardian angel were less constantly folded around his heart. Maria herself encouraged him to resume the chase, as some occupation for his restless mind. He hunted. The voice of a wild boar—as the savage, transfixed by his lance, yelled forth its unclean spirit—awakened a long-slumbering echo in the breast of the knight. The scent of blood was again in his nostrils. He plunged with wild and sudden enthusiasm into the forest-war. His days were passed in the woods, and his nights in the deep sleep of exhaustion. In vain did his wife put in practice all the wiles of her woman's art,

To lure her tassel-gentle back again.

Alas! she was no longer fair! She might yet, indeed, address the mind and the affections; but Rodenstein could only hear through the senses.

One day he met in the forest one of his neighbours, the Lord of Schnellert, and, in the spirit of

these stormy times, a quarrel ensued. The knight returned home earlier than usual, and as Maria started up to receive her husband a glow of joyful surprise illumined her pale countenance. The brow of Rodenstein, however, was as black as thunder, and his voice as harsh and ominous. By and by, she learned, from the confusion in the castle and the conversation of the domestics, that her lord was preparing to go forth with his vassals, to surprise the stronghold of his enemy in the night. Her heart died within her at the fatal news, and she sunk half fainting upon the floor.

By and by, however, she started up, and arraying herself in her white nuptial robes, to convey at least the associations of beauty, rushed into the presence of her husband. She threw herself on her knees before him, and wept, and prayed:—it was all in vain. Coldly and haughtily he desired her to mind her own affairs, and strode out of the room. She remained for some time in a kind of stupor; but, bethinking herself that the very humility of her supplications might have displeased him, she ran to the outer postern, and, determining to rekindle, if possible, old associations, by an assumption of the playful air of command that once had charmed him, planted herself upright in the middle of the path.

When the knight, however, approached, followed by his retainers, setting out on the expedition, her cheek grew pale, and she shrunk aside to let them pass. But when Rodenstein would have gone on with merely a cold and absent "good bye," she

seized him suddenly in her arms, and, with a voice broken by sobbing, pronounced imploringly his name. He shook her roughly away—perhaps more roughly than he intended—and she fell against the wall and fainted.

At that moment, the knight, by some strange power of association, remembered the scene at the tournament. This was the second time he had seen Maria faint—but how different the circumstances! He was seized with a kind of panic, he knew not how or wherefore, and was about to throw himself on his knees to take up the lifeless form he had once so fondly loved, when the sight of his grim warriors eyeing him with surprise and indignation (for the baroness was beloved by them all) changed his remorse into fury. He ordered his vassals, in a voice of thunder, to follow him; and, leaving his still senseless wife in the care of the domestics, left the castle.

On arriving at the hamlet of Oberkriesbach, the party determined to halt till the night came definitely on. The men-at-arms concealed themselves in the cottages; and the moody chief, retiring to an empty barn, endeavoured to relieve the turbulence of his feelings by striding rapidly up and down through the gloom. As the shadows of evening thickened around, they seemed to weigh upon his very heart. He gasped for breath. The silence was preternatural. He would have rejoined his companions, but was withheld by some mysterious influence, which he in vain endeavoured to refer to

the usual circumstances of the hour. As he approached the door, a cold blast of air rushed between, and died moaningly away in the recesses of the barn. The knight shivered as he retired into the interior.

His thoughts were as indefinite as the objects around him. His heart was dark, and cold, and heavy, yet stirred with a mortal terror. His limbs shook; his hair rose against his helmet; and large drops of sweat stood freezing upon his brow.

"My wife! my wife!' cried the knight, as a sudden pang shot like lightning through his soul. A wild shriek rose in the distance, and Rodenstein rushed in horror out of the building.

It was almost dark. The night-wind was beginning to rise, and the battling clouds drove in heavy masses along the sky. It was the hour when, according to old tradition, the spirits of the forest held their mystic carnival; and the knight, as he fled towards the cottages, could not refrain from turning his head in the direction.

"Baron of Rodenstein!" cried a distant voice at the same moment. His heart quaked at the sound —for it was like the voice of his wife! A human figure, the outlines of which he could not distinctly perceive, was approaching in the gloom.

"No!" exclaimed he with a gasp, as a faint beam of the struggling moon revealed the *black* garments of the comer—"It is phantasy! Wherefore do I fly? Fiend though it should prove, there is but one! What, ho! who comes?"—and he drew his sword, and kissed the cross on the handle.

"It is I!" said the voice; and his wife, dressed in black garments, stood before him.

"Maria!" stammered the knight, while he felt his blood freezing in his veins, "What would you? Why come you? Speak!"

"I have brought the heir of his house," she replied, "to the lord of Rodenstein!" and, raising her mantle, she showed him a dead infant that lay upon her dead arm.

"Man of blood!" continued the phantom, "Thou whom nor love nor pity could stay in thy career, go, finish thy destiny—slay and then be slain; but expect not to find peace even in the peaceful grave! Still shalt thou wander through the forest and climb the mountain; and the repose which thou hatedst when living shall be denied to thee when dead. Let it be thine to predict and herald the war thou canst not join. I give thee the far sight of the bird of prey, and the keen scent of the blood-hound. Be thou unto the people as a prophet and a forerunner of evil for ever—the angel of desolation and death!"

As the last words of the avenger were spoken, the moon suddenly rose in the heavens, and the form of the spectre-lady dissolved into air. The baron drew out his horn, and blew a blast that made the whole country echo.

"What is the matter?" cried his alarmed followers, surrounding him on the instant.

"For Schnellert! for Schnellert!" cried the chief, waving his sword.

"And in this moonlight!" exclaimed they—"and after you have raised the very devils with that blast!"

"For Schnellert! for Schnellert!" repeated he: "Traitors, do you dare dispute my will? Follow, who loves or fears me!" and he rushed towards the castle of his enemy.

The lord of Schnellert, having been aroused by the horn, was well prepared to receive his visitor; and the moon shone that night on as bloody and as short a fray as ever startled the spirits of the forest. The baron of Rodenstein fell the first, and his followers, in attempting to fly, found themselves surrounded, and were cut to pieces almost to a man.

The prediction is fulfilled to this day. Six months before there is war in Germany, the phantom-knight rises from his tomb in Schnellert, and, followed by his slain warriors, with loud cries, the sound of drums, fifes, horns, groans, hurras, and the other thousand noises of battle, proceeds to his castle of Rodenstein. Six months before peace is signed, he returns in like manner to his abode in the grave; but, at each time he passes, it is observed that at the old barn of Oberkriesbach the sounds are longest and wildest.

That this disturbance does actually take place has been proved in juridical evidence; and we, for one, think the cause of it is very naturally explained in the foregoing tale.

The title we have given to this story is the one

renowned abbey. A quarter of a league from Bensheim is the village of Auerbach, which is the usual entrance to the finest portion of the Bergstrasse. From the summit of the Melibocus, a view is obtained of the rich and varied countries of the Rhine as far as the eye can reach; and, when this fails, a telescope is supplied by the villagers of Alsbach, which extends the power of vision to Speier on the one hand, to Bingen on the other, to the Vosges, to Mont Tonnerre, to the Taunus. This magnificent and unique spectacle is seen from a tower, eighty feet high, raised on the ridge of the mountain.

Felsberg is only a league distant; and, as its summit is still higher than the tower of Melibocus, the traveller will do well even to brave the fatigue of a difficult ascent of 1546 feet. Midway he will be startled by the appearance of a gigantic column of carved stone lying prone on the side of the mountain.* Higher up is another block of a cubical form, apparently intended for the base of the column. Conjecture is at fault with regard to these monuments, whose situation is so extraordinary. In the meantime, while the learned were busy inquiring whether they had formed one of the sacred columns called Irmensæule, or whether they owed their existence to Charlemagne or the Romans, practical persons conceived the project of carrying them off

* In French measure, 31 feet 8 inches long, by four feet six inches below, and three feet ten inches above, in diameter. Weight, 61,440 pounds.

bodily, and pressing them into modern service on the field of Leipsic. This might still be done by means of a rail-road; but perhaps the trouble would not *now* be considered worth while.

From the summit of the mountain the view is magnificent; but the eye of the observer is recalled from wandering in the distance by a very singular object at his feet. Looking below, from the pinnacle on which he stands, he sees, with momentary terror, a vast torrent, apparently formed of masses of ice, rushing down the sides of the mountains. The next moment, however, he discovers that the circumstance of *motion* is wanting in the phenomenon, and ascertains that it is the celebrated Felsmeer, or Sea of Rocks, which lies before him. These rocks were the missiles used, according to tradition, in the wars of the giants.

From Auerbach to Darmstadt, the most interesting part of the route is that which is distinguished by the ruins of the castle of Frankenstein, standing on a lofty eminence to the right. Passing along the bottom of the necromantic lake, we saw, not only in our mind's eye, but with that of the body, a sea of glittering fluid rolling heavily around us, and filling up the space which had been denuded of its waters by the power of old enchantment. Above this vast body of vapour rose proudly the grey turrets of Frankenstein—at one moment an island-fortress, a Venice of the north, and the next, a castle in the air! By and by the inconstant tide began, as if unwillingly, to recede, and broke in

white billows upon the battlemented steep. As it sunk lower and lower a hundred islands raised their wooded heads in the waste; and at last, recalled, as of old, to their caves, the fairy waters altogether disappeared, leaving, in their stead, a rich and beautiful plain.

Darmstadt is the residence of the Grand Duke of Hesse; and is a clean, and, indeed, rather elegant town of between twenty-one and twenty-two thousand inhabitants, but singularly dead and uninteresting. The six leagues from hence to Frankfurt might be galloped over without losing much, if we could get a German voiture to think of such a thing; but as the end of the journey draws near the country becomes fine, and, on reaching the summit of a gentle hill, Frankfurt, lying in the valley beyond, with its slated roofs and lofty painted houses, presents a splendid and imposing aspect.

FRANKFORT.

CHAPTER V.

BANKS OF THE MAIN.

FRANKFURT and Sachsenhausen, extending along either bank of the Main, form apparently a single town. The latter was built by one of those colonies of Saxons which the magnanimous Charlemagne was in the habit of passing, like a gang of slaves, from one plantation of Europe to another. A royal palace, constructed by them on the opposite side of the river, became the nucleus around which was gathered the present town of Frankfurt. From the beginning of the seventeenth century the emperors were elected and crowned in this place; and the custom continued till the accession of the present majesty of Austria. Frankfurt, however, notwithstanding the loss of this distinction, and the "fantastic tricks" of Napoleon, has little to complain of, except the removal of her book-trade to Leipsic—effected by a censorship established here by imperial wisdom. The population amounts now to forty-six

thousand, including five thousand Jews; and the whole town has the appearance of ease and opulence.

It lies in a wide valley, and is surrounded by beautiful promenades, instead of its ancient fortifications. Beyond are gardens, vineyards, and cornfields, and every other indication of luxury and plenty. Formerly the Jews inhabited their own quarter, in which they were locked up at night. Their habitations were built of wood, and crowded one upon another like cages in a menagerie. They were distinguished from the other citizens by wearing a black cloak and band, lest peradventure their Christian brethren might suffer the defilement of touching them; and their married men were further provided with a long beard—although this is supposed to have been merely for the convenience of their wives in the maintenance of matrimonial discipline. In 1819, these distinctions were formally repealed; and many of the Jews changed their houses, burned their beards, addicted themselves to frocks and upper benjamins, and began, as Falstaff says, to "live cleanly."

The penal code of Frankfurt was just as terrific as that of the other German towns; but we trust that one species of punishment, mentioned by Taylor,* which is at once mild and picturesque, has been suffered to continue. It was inflicted for robberies committed in orchards, and other rural delinquencies; and consisted merely in the offender being made to draw a cart through the streets,

* Observations on the German Empire, 1715.

crowned with turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves. The amusement of sledging, however, peculiar to winter, described by the same author, we much fear is among the things that were. The sledges were shaped like different animals, and were open behind. A lady sat in the interior, and her gallant stood at her back, with the reins and whip in his hand. It was the privilege of the latter to kiss his mistress at every turning of the road.

We must ourselves now turn to the left, and get back to the Rhine by the banks of the Main. The distance is eight leagues to Mainz, through a country not particularly interesting. About half way is Weilbach, celebrated for its mineral waters, of which forty thousand jars are exported in the year; and a league and a half further, Hochheim, still more famous for its wine, of which more is drank in London than ever grew on the banks of the Main. Hock, indeed, is the generic name among the wealthy and ignorant part of the English community for the wines of the Rhine, the Main, the Nahe, and even the Moselle—just as claret serves exceedingly well to indicate the red wines of France. The French and Germans cannot imagine what we mean by these names. Their wines are distinguished by districts and vineyards, and by the dates of the vintage; and the same denomination of wine varies frequently in value many shillings a bottle. With us (we mean the vulgar) claret is claret, and hock is hock; and both are very genteel things to put upon a table.

In the finer vineyards at Hochheim, which do not cover many acres, the soil is watered in very sultry weather; and, in rainy seasons, little wooden pipes are distributed throughout the grounds to carry off the superfluous moisture. The mineral qualities of the earth have also great effect upon this exquisite plant; and, more especially, the slightest difference in the exposure is perceptible in the taste and quality of the beverage.

The remaining two leagues are covered with vines and fruit-trees without intermission; and at Kassel, a fortified town on the right bank of the Rhine, in the jurisdiction of the grand duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, we reach a bridge of boats which conducts us across the river to Mainz, written in French, Mayence.

A painful recollection besets us at this moment—with one foot on the bridge and one on the land—of a certain individual whom we left at Mannheim. He must have finished his bottle of *hock* by this time—which we fear was nothing more than vin ordinaire after all. In any case, let him gird up his loins and cross the river, to descend to Mayence by the left bank, for we will not cast him upon the waters again. After about a league's ride into the country, at right angles with the river, he will arrive at the small town of Oggersheim, which we beg him to notice on account of a little historical anecdote, which is not the worst thing he will hear of the Palatinate.

In the year 1625, a party of Spaniards presented

themselves before the walls of this little town; determining, if they could not bully the inhabitants into a surrender, to attempt to carry it by assault. At the noise made by the enemy, and the sound of their foreign and lofty lingo, a certain individual, who was by trade a cow-herd, roused himself up from a nap that he had been enjoying in his hayloft, and shook his ears in surprise. If there was unusual noise without, however, there was still more unusual silence within. In vain he looked around for his neighbours, to inquire the cause of the disturbance—his neighbours were not to be found. No sooner was the coming of the Spaniards announced than every soul had left the town,—men, women, and children, cattle, pigs, and poultry; and our cow-herd, who unfortunately had a genius for sleeping, was left behind, the sole representative of the garrison.

In this predicament—desperate enough to make any man a hero—he resolved at least to look over the wall, and count the odds. No sooner had his head risen above the horizon than an officer, bowing till his plumes mingled with his horse's mane, summoned him to surrender; declaring, at the same time, but with perfect politeness, that, in the event of a refusal, they would force the gates, put the garrison to the sword, and take all manner of liberties with the domestic baggage.

"And where should we be all the time?" replied the cow-herd, growing courageous at the respect which was paid him: "Come, come, Don Whisker-

ando, we are not to be done in that way. We men of Oggersheim, I can tell you, know what we are about; and if you go to meddle with the women—thunder and lightning! you will find them she-devils. Howsomever, as the individual with whom the defence of the place chiefly rests, I am desirous to avoid all unnecessary out-pouring of blood. But, if we do surrender, look you, it must be with honour, and without loss!"

"Undoubtedly," said the assailant, "we cannot ask the brave to do more than submit and lay down their arms. Your lives, and property, and the public peace will be scrupulously respected."

"And what guarantee have I for this?"

"The honour of a Spaniard!" replied the officer gravely, as he kissed the hilt of his sword.

"Enough! enough!—Below there—open the gates!—never mind, I'll go down and do it myself." Thus the cow-herd saved his town from disgrace, and the property of his neighbours from pillage. We have not the smallest doubt that he was eventually made governor of the place, although, it must be confessed, we can find no voucher in history for the fact.

The road turns parallel with the river, and at a league's distance is the next town of Frankenthal, with a fine canal communicating with the Rhine A league and a half further on is the last village of Rhenish Bavaria; and by and by we enter the Duchy of Hesse, and approach, through gardens and vineyards, the famous city of Worms.

This was a favourite summer-residence of Charlemagne, and the earlier kings of the Francs, and it played a prominent part in the history of this part of Europe from the time of the Romans till near the close of the seventeenth century. At the latter epoch, in 1689, it was almost totally destroyed, and to-day boasts a population of little more than eight thousand. Its articles of commerce are limited to the produce of its fields, and include the Liebfrauenmilch (milk of Our Lady), a very delicious wine.

A tedious and uninteresting ride of four leagues conducts to Gundersblum. In the year 1024 a plain near this small town presented a brilliant and unique spectacle, when the various nations of Germany, headed by their dukes, were assembled here, and on the opposite side of the Rhine, to choose an emperor. From hence to Oppenheim the country is rich in associations connected with Gustavus Adolphus. On the opposite bank of the river, a lofty column, surmounted by a marble lion, marks the place where the lion of the north crossed the Rhine, in the middle of the night, in 1631; on this side the only monument is the name of the spot—the Cemetery of the Swedes. Oppenheim, the next considerable place, presents nothing remarkable except the old church of Saint Catherine; and our travelling substitute reaching, soon after, Mayence, where we mean to take the game into our own hands, we now give him his congé.

The population of Mainz is under thirty thousand; but it is one of the strongest towns in Germany, and

being a fortress of the Confederation, although belonging in itself to the Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, is garrisoned both by the Austrians and Prussians The town is well built, and the bridge over the Rhine, communicating with the great body of the German empire, keeps up a constant animation.

The famous alliance of the Hanse towns was suggested by a citizen of Mainz in the thirteenth century. The river downwards had long been a highway of wealth and commerce; but the intromissions of those free-traders who buy and sell with the sword had become so frequent that the merchants began to look with aversion upon the hopeless adventure of a voyage of the Rhine. Every day some new castle was seen rising on either bank, perched upon an almost inaccessible steep; and every night the shriek of the mariner was heard mingling with the voice of the black waters tumbling below. The traveller of the present day is astonished to see so many picturesque ruins bending over "the wide and winding Rhine;" and, if ignorant of the history of the country, would be apt to give the rude barons of the middle ages much credit on the score of taste. These fortresses, however, were, generally speaking, the strong-holds of robber-knights; and their masters were the true dragons and sorcerers of romance, whom it was the duty of a well-behaved hero to attack and vanquish. The Hanse, or leagued towns united for the protection of commerce, amounted to eighty-five, and comprehended many that were remote from the Rhine. The isolated castles were

unable to withstand very long so formidable a union. One by one they were taken, destroyed, and abandoned; and in the present day their ruins, connected with a thousand romantic associations, serve only to attract such pilgrim-steps as ours, and to waft us, from the shore or the deck, into the land of dreams. The union itself crumbled into pieces soon after its object was accomplished; leaving no memorials of its existence except the name of Hanseatic towns, still borne by Lubeck, Hamburg, and Bremen.

Mainz, in those early ages, was distinguished for the cultivation of the arts and sciences. The Minnesingers especially, hymning the praises of their mistresses, made it a kind of court of love. When Heinrich Frauenlob, one of those minstrels of beauty, died, he was carried to the grave by the ladies whom he had loved and sung. The dames and damsels of Mainz walked in procession through the streets with the body of their bard, and laid it in the dome, where his monumental stone is seen to this day. Oh! why have not the gods made *us* poetical!

CHAPTER VI.

THE PARADISE OF THE RHINE.

THE scenery of the Rhine, in the more picturesque parts at which we have now arrived, has not the slightest affinity to river-scenery, except in the rolling, tumbling motion of the water. The terms, "beautiful river," "magnificent river," so liberally bestowed by its admirers, are quite misapplied—it is not a river at all. No one, when gazing around him from the deck of his vessel, or from the lonely and silent shore, can imagine that he is any where else than on the bosom or the banks of a lake, whose waters are imprisoned by an impassable barrier of rocks and mountains.

The Rhine is here a succession of lakes (so far as the pilgrim of the picturesque is concerned), each different in detail from the rest, yet all bearing some general resemblance, like a series of family portraits. The remark of Hazlitt, that "nature uses a wider canvass than man," and is therefore difficult to copy

in such a manner as to unite the requisites of a fine picture, would be here misapplied. The objects are only just sufficiently numerous to keep the mind and eye on the stretch of interest; and the space only just extensive enough to admit of the effect of distance. Some further and loftier pinnacles may indeed be sometimes observed mingling with the tints of the sky; but, in the body of the picture, the lake is clasped by the mountains in a close embrace, only varying in character from the gentle to the grim.

And these mountains, be it observed, are, after all, only mountains in miniature. They have often, indeed, the steepness, the rudeness, the rock the shadow, the over-hanging ridge, or jagged pinnacle of the giants of the Valley of the Rhone; but in size, compared to them, they are but mole-hills. There is, to say the truth, something of the *petite* about the mountains of the Rhine, which, uniting with the other peculiarities of the scenery, gives one the idea of a *picture.*

Among these peculiarities may be mentioned a *preciseness*—if we can possibly make ourselves understood—in the appearance, disposition, and grouping of the various objects. Nor is this term, or its meaning, conveyed, as might be suspected, by the tame and uniform appearance of the vineyards which clothe the sides of the eminences down to the water's edge, and of the low woods which in general crown the hills. The characteristic extends even to the boldest details of the piece. The small towns

are pitched into an angle of the shore with the regularity of a geographer's dotted mark, which signifies "here stands a town." No suburban streets, no straggling houses, no scattered farms, give relief to the taste by resembling the *accidents* of nature. The groves on the hill-sides are few and far between; but there is no grove without a church-spire rising in the midst, and overtopping the trees. Frequently a daring and fantastic cliff frowns over the river, or rises majestically from the brow of the steep; and each of these cliffs is crowned with a castle, till the wonder grows uniform. The woods, moreover, look like plantations; the vines obtrude an unceasing idea of the artificial; and at this, the autumnal season, the same grey, delicate, faded, tint overspreads hill and valley, field and grove, assimilating with the colour of the rocks and of the ruins that crown them, and only finding a contrast in the dark and turbid waters below.

This is the *result* of the impressions received during the whole voyage, or, in other words, the feeling into which these impressions finally subside; but the traveller, on setting out, or even after passing through the second or third lake, would find it difficult to persuade himself that "to this complexion they should come at last." At first, all is novelty, and wonder, and delight; then, as the novelty is gradually lost, the wonder subsides, and the delight vanishes, or only remains like the remembrance of a dream. The voyage of the Rhine is like the voyage of human life! In youth we enjoy—in manhood

we reason and compare—in old age we sink, according to the individual character, either into apathy or content. Some there are who have no manhood of the soul, and whose morning of enjoyment fades suddenly into a night of bitterness or regret. We have met with such travellers on the Rhine—and men too of apparent intelligence—who, forgetful of the feelings which in the earlier part of the voyage beamed in their faces, and sparkled in their eyes, declared the whole, after reaching Cologne, to be flat, stale, and unprofitable—a cheat and a delusion.

The scenery of *each* of the lakes of the Rhine, according to our taste, (and with this quill in our hand "*we* are Sir Oracle—let no dogs bark!") forms the most original, the most romantic, and the most delightful picture in Europe. It is worth a pilgrimage of a thousand miles. The whole, in their union, seen as they are by ordinary travellers in a couple of days, are almost tiresome; owing to nothing in the world but the weakness and imperfection of the human faculties.

We have hitherto been talking of the voyage of the Rhine: the land journey is a different thing. In the former, the scenery slips past you like a moving, or as the showmen say, a peristrephic panorama, and you see nothing but what is set down. On shore, you choose your own points of view, and group your own pictures. One moment the broad lake lies before you, basking in the sun, with its castellated ruins, fantastic steeps, and groves and vineyards, clearly defined and exquisitely contrasted.

The next, all is dimness and doubt. A glimpse of the water appears far, far beneath through the trees, deep, mystic, unfathomable, and dimmed with the broken reflection of some broken turrets, of which the originals are invisible. So

> "On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
> When the clear cold eve's declining,
> He sees the round towers of other days
> In the wave beneath him shining."

Again, from some greater eminence the eye wanders, with a kind of troubled delight, from lake to lake, from hill to hill, from steep to steep, from grove to grove, from castle to castle, that lie before it in overwhelming confusion. And lastly, perched on some majestic pinnacle, so lofty that, extricated, as it were, from the folds of nature, the soul may look tranquilly down, you see the "exulting and abounding river" winding like a serpent at your feet;—

> "Whose breast of waters broadly swells
> Between the banks which bear the vine,
> And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
> And fields which promise corn and wine,
> And scattered cities crowning these,
> Whose far white walls along them shine."

The Rheingau is undoubtedly the paradise of the Rhine. This is a tract of country, commencing about a league below Mainz, on the opposite side of the river, and extending downwards till it includes Johannesberg, and backwards till bounded by the Rheinberg. Passing Bicherich, which is distin-

guished by the beautiful castle of the Duke of Nassau, we arrive, through the orchards of Schiesstein, at Wallup, where the district begins.

But here we owe the reader some explanation in the way of apology. It is very easy to rattle through a country—like the Tyrol, for instance—in a few dozen pages, and describe the principal objects in a manner that would make them at least recognisable to a future traveller. But to do this with the Rhine is impossible; and, in a space like ours more especially, the attempt would end in a mere catalogue of names. All that we purpose is to lead the reader rapidly along the tract which we travelled ourselves; and, without confusing him by calling his attention to objects which he has no time to examine, to set him down now and then on a resting-place, from whence he can look round for a moment, while he recovers breath, and listens to the prosing of his guide.

Ellfield, half a league from Wallup, is the principal town of the Rheingau, containing two thousand inhabitants; and in the valley behind it is Kiedrich, with the magnificent ruins of Scharfenstein, a castle of the twelfth century. The next place we come to on the bank of the river is the village of Erbach, behind which, in the recesses of a forest, stands the ancient abbey of that name, now partly a lunatic asylum, and partly a wine-cellar of the Grand Duke! A feast of Bacchus is celebrated here every year; and we trust that the very bones of the ancient abbots of Erbach are Christian enough

to be scandalized by the orgies. The monks, however, are supposed in their lives to have loved good wine; and it may be equally true, for aught we know, that

> "The merriest ghost that wakes the earth,
> Is sure the ghost of a ghostly friar!"

Passing several large islands in the Rhine, we arrive at the small towns of Hattenheim and Ostrich successively; and afterwards at Mittelheim and Winkel, where the Romans had a depôt of wine for their troops. We then turn to the right, and, passing the ancient castle of Volbratho, reach Johannesberg, or Mount Saint John.

The castle was originally a priory, founded in 1109; and, after changing hands and aspects with singular rapidity, is now the property of Prince Metternich, who pays a tithe to the emperor of Austria. The hill rises in terraces clothed with vines, which cover altogether a surface of sixty-three acres, becoming more valuable as they approach the castle. The grapes, and even the minute parts of those that drop from the branches from over-ripeness, are carefully gathered; and the whole vineyard produces about ten thousand eight hundred and thirty English gallons, of which a third is vin ordinaire. The quality of the wine depends upon the season, and the price varies accordingly. The produce of 1809 (best quality) was sold upon the spot for about seven shillings a bottle; while that of 1779, 1783, and 1801, brought, as nearly as possible, a pound. The whole annual produce, deducting the

expence of culture, averages nearly seven thousand pounds, which makes the estate worth about one hundred and eleven pounds an acre.

Returning to Winkel, and following the course of the river, we arrive at Geissenheim, near which is the Rothenberg, the wines of which are almost as good as those of Johannesberg. From hence an excursion to the Niederwald, a hill in the neighbourhood, is matter of necessity to the lover of nature. The view here cannot be surpassed even in this country of wonders. The Rhine, no longer confined to the beautiful, the grand, and the majestic, presents a new aspect; and our admiration is somewhat chastened by awe, when we see it rush between the dark cliffs at our feet, and disappear, as if into an abyss, with a cry which is borne moaningly even to the height on which we stand. On the edge of the steep and pointed rocks below hang the ruins of the castle of Ehrenfels, watching sternly and yet sorrowfully the rushing of the flood.

In descending by another path, we arrive at a little round temple; from which the Rhine still appears, not a series of lakes, but a mighty river, surrounded, in the wildest profusion, with every possible adjunct of the picturesque. Farther down, one of the heights is crowned by the desecrated nunnery of Eubingen; and presently we pass a hill laid out in terraces planted with vines, and enter the town of Rudesheim. The grapes here are of a different kind from those of Johannesberg, as may be discovered by the flavour of the wine; and it is

told that Charlemagne, observing from his palace of Ingelheim, on the opposite side of the river, that the snow disappeared earlier than elsewhere from the hill of Rudesheim, ordered it to be planted with vines from Orleans and Burgundy. The town, containing upwards of two thousand inhabitants, extends along the banks of the river, and is distinguished by four old castles.

We have now traversed the Rheingau, and cross over from Rudesheim to the left bank of the Rhine, where the little town of Bingen stands close to the embouchure of the Nahe. If we had descended on this side of the river, the view of the opposite Rheingau would have been delightful; but, with the exception of Ingelheim, we should have met with little to reward our curiosity. The road leads, in nearly a straight line, from Mainz to Bingen, and is thus, owing to the bend of the river, at some distance from the water-side; on which, however, there is nothing more remarkable than the villages of Mombach and Badenheim, separated by a forest of firs. The heights of Ingelheim are the site of a palace which was built by Charlemagne, and divided his affections with Aix la Chapelle. It was constructed of hewn stone, and adorned with one hundred columns of marble and granite. The remains of the edifice, which was destroyed with fire and sword, are called the Hall, and modern houses have risen in its courts. From this spot the whole of the Rheingau is seen, spread out as in a map.

The picturesque character of Bingen is of a very remarkable kind. Even from the level of the town itself, where a mall of poplars and acacias invites the steps of the traveller, the prospect is sufficiently striking; but on ascending the heights behind—

"Where distance lends enchantment to the view,"

there are few scenes that combine more effectively the gloomy and the splendid.

On the spot we would indicate there stand the ruins of a castle, known by the name of *Klopp*, which, in earlier times, was the haunt of robber-knights; and, in still earlier, a Roman fort, constructed by Drusus. The view, on all sides, is shut in by hills and mountains; through which roll the Rhine and the Nahe. On the left bank of the latter river, crowning an eminence near the bank, stand the ivy-grown ruins of the convent of Saint Hildegarde; and on the opposite side of the former are Rudesheim, and the lofty Niederwald behind, with the castle of Ehrenfels perched upon its dizzy steep. Stretching away to the left, a confused group of mountains covered with forests seem to crowd around the Bingerloch, where the Rhine is apparently engulphed and lost. Among these, rocks and ruins abound. On the cliff, where the river breaks before it vanishes, stand the tottering walls of Saint Clement, dimly seen through the trees; and, in the flood itself, the Mausthurm appears to contend with the headlong despair of the stream.

Only part of this magnificent picture could be included in the view, as true to nature as to art, which we present to the reader. The confluence of the two rivers takes place a little way beyond the white sail which is seen reflected in the mirrored waters of the Nahe. On the right bank of this stream stands the town of Bingen, with the towers of its collegiate church; in which repose the bones of the celebrated mystic, Holzhausen. This personage had predicted the fall of the Stuarts; and when Charles II. fled to Geissenheim, on the opposite bank of the Rhine, he was naturally desirous of seeing one so well acquainted with the destinies of his family. Holzhausen, when introduced to the presence of the fugitive monarch, did not hesitate to prophesy again. He foretold that Charles would speedily return to the throne of his ancestors; and Charles did so. But he went further, and announced the restoration of the blessed idols of Catholicism to the desecrated altars of England. Alas! alas! we are all heretics to this day, and likely to continue so! Above the town, to the right, are the remains of Klopp, the robber-fortress we have mentioned, once the prison, if tradition may be believed, of Henri IV.; and on the left of the view, on the opposite bank of the Rhine, the romantic ruins of Ehrenfels.

The necromantic lake, which we described in the last chapter but one, is not so very extravagant a fiction as it appears. The gulf of Bingen was formed, in all probability, by the resistance offered

to the river by a mighty rock—or rather, collection of rocks; and it is even supposed that this barrier shut in the Rhine, which may have formed here, in some remote age, an extensive lake. If this is the case, it is not improbable, from the localities, that the whole of the country may have been under water—except the hills, which would then be islands —from below Darmstadt to the Neckar.

At whatever time the natural bounds of the lake gave way, and whether by the aid of necromancy or not, the Romans were the true magicians, who opened a passage to vessels through what, perhaps, was once only the bed of a torrent, formed by a waterfall from the dyke of rocks when the lake rose above its banks. They cleared away the rocks on the left shore, and launched their boats on the tide. The French kings, both of the Merovingian and Carlovingian race, continued the work; which has gone on till our own day, when we sail down the Rhine in steam-boats. The steam-boats, indeed, which pass this spot are not yet very large, nor is the voyage wholly unattended with risk; but there is a project on foot for blasting the remainder of the rock on the right bank, and thus completely clearing the passage.

Before leaving this delicious spot, we linger for another moment, fascinated by a landscape from the pencil of our friend, worthy of the genius of a Claude. The view extends up the Nahe from the confluence of this river with the Rhine; comprehending, on one side, a part of the town of Bingen,

and the old fortress of Klopp; and, on the other, the ruins of the convent of Saint Hildegarde, and the Rupertsberg. The poetical tranquillity in which the whole scene is steeped is undisturbed to the imagination even by the human figures of the piece; for it belongs to nature—to the sky—earth—water —to the very *atmosphere* of the painting. Every sterner feature is kept out of sight. The mysterious mountains of the Bingerloch, the frightful peak of the Rossel, and the "castled crag" of Ehrenfels, are *behind* the spectator. Before, all is peace and beauty, and the soul is stirred by no ruder influence than that of the ruins on either side of the river, with their associations of melancholy and romance.

Drawn by C. Bonfield. Engraved by R. Wallis

CHAPTER VII.

THE TRADITIONS OF THE RHINE.

"Once more upon the waters!—yet, once more—"

We have embarked at Bingen, to sweep down the flood by the aid of steam—with a speed almost equal, perhaps, to that of the waters themselves when they broke through their ancient barriers and rushed roaring to the sea. It is now the season when autumn begins to look thin and bare; and when his leaves, no longer of faded green relieved with the richest red, but of a pale, cold, dying yellow, swirl down into the river in such heaps as threaten to leave the woodlands naked. Every thing conduces to steep the spirit in a melancholy approaching to bitterness. The wind already tastes of winter, and whispers ominously in the woods; and its whisper is answered from the Bingerloch in a voice, half of menace, half of moaning.

We have not many passengers. They consist of a German student—with dishevelled locks, bare neck,

and a fine intellectual countenance; three Tyrolese (lions in this part of the world) in the picturesque costume of their country; a listless, lounging Englishman or two—as native to the Rhine as the river-fish; and some Hessian and Prussian peasants of both sexes. Attracted by the sound of a guitar, mingled with a rich melodious voice, we went below, and found that the student had volunteered to amuse the company. He sang several ballads with great taste, and better feeling; and, although his immense ornamented pipe lying before him on the table, and a huge pouch of tobacco slung round his neck, reminded us of Heidelberg, we could not help fancying that we had hitherto seen the fraternity through the *smoke* of prejudice. The Tyrolese next sung a trio with great spirit. The music was exceedingly simple, and the effect seemed to depend upon the execution of the principal singer, who, without any sacrifice of sweetness, carried his voice to a pitch, and prolonged the note to a length, that would have astonished half the squallers on the stage. While this was going on, the peasant-girls stood round the door, with their arms round one another's necks, keeping time with their heads, and harmonizing with their eyes, and sometimes, when the spirit of song moved them omnipotently, enriching the burden with their clear sweet voices. Altogether it was an interesting scene—interesting to the affections as well as the imagination; but we should have enjoyed it more if we had not felt ourselves called upon to feel ashamed of a raw

countryman of ours, who stood gazing at the group, in it but not of it, fumbling in his pockets (Oh! those eternal pockets of John Bull!)—and perplexing himself with the absurd thought of whether it would be necessary to offer something, and, if so, how much would be expected from an Englishman.

The last time we embarked on the Rhine the company were strangely different. The principal passenger was a Russian princess—but only a dead one. Her story was such as we read sometimes in novels. She had loved in her own country, and was beloved; but the policy of her family set a bar to the contemplated union. Her spirits drooped; her health was undermined; and they led her into Italy to "banish her regret" by new scenes, and the interruption of old associations. It would not do — the barb had fastened! She pined — and withered—and died. She had been buried in a foreign land for more than a year, when the late remorse of her family awakened; and they had now sent to bring the faded remains of the poor girl to be deposited in the graves of her ancestors.

An English family who occupied the Pavilion (a little apartment at the extreme stern, where one may enjoy the pleasures of solitude, and be worse lodged than in the cabin, for something less than double price) drew upon themselves the indignation and contempt of the other passengers by the opposition they made to the embarkation of the unfortunate princess. It is strange that the English, however amiable they may be at home, never, by

any accident, fail to make themselves disagreeable or ridiculous abroad.

The whirlpool in the Bingerloch does not, when close at hand, appear to be very dangerous. "Its bark," as the Scotch proverb says, "is *waur* than its bite." Still, unless the weather is perfectly calm, there is some risk; and the iron rings fastened to the rocks alongshore prove that the natives, who ought to know best, believe that there is something to dread.

Near the whirlpool an old tower called the Mausthurm rises from the bosom of the troubled waters. A stranger would say at once that it must have been intended as a beacon to mariners; but what would etymology say to that? Mausthurm plainly means Mouse-tower—or, by way of dignity, Rat-tower. It is in vain for the learned to tell us, as they do, that *mauth* means toll or custom: the word is *maus;* and, if it were not so, one would think it must have been a very equivocal sort of toll-house that was erected in such a place! For our part, having a profound respect for the wisdom of our ancestors, we make it a point of conscience to reject every hypothesis which runs counter to tradition; and we shall, therefore, proceed at once to relate, in as few sentences as possible, the orthodox history of the origin of the Mausthurm.

Rat-tower.

The memory of Hatto, Archbishop of Mainz, is still execrated on the banks of the Rhine, eight or nine centuries after his death; and, to this day, when a cloud or fog is seen resting on the Mausthurm, the peasants point to it, in fear and detestation, as containing the spirit of the savage priest. Hatto was a man without a heart. He delighted in cruelty, and was pleased with all sorts of horrors, except the fictitious. He would have made an excellent Ogre, only that he wanted the peculiarity of appetite.

A famine visited the land which was under the spiritual and pastoral care of this good shepherd. The people died in thousands; infants perished of hunger at the breast; and mothers of hunger and self-detestation that their fountains of nature refused to supply their babies with the means of life. The Archbishop feasted and fattened. He prayed to God, however, to remove his curse from the land; he anathematized the foul fiend with bell, book, and candle; nay, he fasted an entire day on stewed carp and smoked salmon, drinking nought, save Johannesberg, Rudesheim, and Hochheimer. But he gave nothing to the starving poor—not a fragment, not a crumb.

Then the people waxed wroth. They looked with their hungry eyes into one another's faces, and said, Let us go up to the man of God; let us go up

in a body, and show him our skin and bones, and cry all together with a loud voice, "Help!—help!" And they went up; and their voices, although thin, and weak, and broken, were able, because of the number, to reach the Archbishop's ears, as he sat drinking the pale wine and the red at his dessert.

"What is this?" cried the Archbishop: "What rascally concert have we now?"

"It is the people," answered his men; "they are hungry, and they cry for food."

"Let them work—varlets!" said the Archbishop, growing red with indignation.

"They have no work, and are too feeble to work."

"Too feeble to work! Lo you now!—what is that? Mercy on us, these are feeble lungs indeed! Send them packing, I say! Off with them—troop, trundle!"

But the people would not move, for they were fierce in their hunger, and valiant in their despair; and they continued to cry with one voice, "Oh, man of God! help! help!"

Then the soul of the Archbishop was stirred with wrath and fiery indignation, and he commanded his archers to lay hold of the rebels, and shut them up in an empty barn near the palace. And when this was done, he sat quaffing the pale wine and the red, thinking of the insolence of the base populace, till the veins of his head swelled with fury.

"Go," said he to his men, starting suddenly up from the table, "Go, and set fire to the barn."

And his men did so.

And the Archbishop stood at the window, waiting impatiently; but when he saw the flames burst through the roof of the barn, and heard the screams of the wretches within, he clapped his hands, and cried out joyfully—"It burns! it burns! *Hark, how the rats squeak!*"

That night the Archbishop's men were awakened by the cries of their master, and ran to his chamber. "My lord," said they, "what is the matter?"

"It is the rats," answered he; "they will not let me alone." And they saw that the counterpane of precious fur was indeed gnawed all to pieces. Then the men watched, and set traps and dogs, and slew the rats in great numbers; but the faster they slew the faster they grew. And the Archbishop had no rest, either night or day. At his meals, the odious vermin jumped in his porringer, or upset his drinking-cup; and if he slept (which fear allowed him but rarely to do), he was sure to be awakened by a rat tearing at his throat.

The Archbishop, at last, determined not only to leave a palace infested by such importunate guests, but to choose a lodging in which there could be no possibility of a repetition of the nuisance. He accordingly caused a tower to be built amidst the rushing waters of the Bingerloch, and when it was ready set out with a joyful heart to shut himself up in his new abode.

He embarked at Bingen, and on arriving at the tower sprang eagerly to land. That day, he feasted in safety. He retired early, and, commanding that

no one should disturb or come near him on pain of death, he prepared to enjoy, at last, the luxury of an untroubled sleep. He had already undressed; but, in the fulness of his exultation, would scan with his own eyes the space of waters between him and the land, which was the only tenantable inheritance of his foes.

As he looked out of his window, he saw a motion on the dark and troubled waters beneath, which was unlike the motion of the waves. The whole surface seemed instinct with life, and on the opposite shore a plashing sound, as of hundreds and thousands of stones, or other small bodies, dropped from the rocks into the river, rose above the din of the waters. Struck with a sudden terror, yet not knowing what to fear, the Archbishop leaned out of the window, and looked down to the bottom of the wall. Then he saw myriads of small black things rising out of the waves, and ascending the stones; and, as a fatal conviction flashed upon his mind, he hastened to shut the casement. He was but a moment too late. The casement closed upon the neck of a monstrous rat; and, as the brute gasped and goggled in his face, the Archbishop, overpowered with horror, let go his hold.

That night the Archbishop's men heard a cry from their master's room; but they remembered his commands, and did not stir.

"My lord," said they, "is asleep, and dreams that he is still among the rats at Mainz." Nevertheless, they were troubled; for their lord was a

hard master, and was accustomed to punish, whether they did ill or well, if harm came of it. So, in the morning, they all ran anxiously to his chamber—but the Archbishop was gone. Some small fragments of his night-gown were on the floor, and some specks of blood among the rushes; but, skin and bone, lith and limb, had the rats eaten him up.

After passing the Bingerloch, a little village called Assmanhausen presents itself on the right, and several old castles on the left bank. One of them, Vogtsberg, we reckon among the greatest curiosities on the Rhine. It has lately been conjured from its ruins by the magic of wealth and art; and now stands, like the spectre of some warrior of the middle ages, on the spot where its remains had mouldered for centuries. Every thing is in perfect keeping; it is scarcely possible to discern the new from the old; and even the interior is so encrusted with the antiquities that have been found on the banks of the Rhine, that, while wandering through its dim and hoary halls, it is impossible to remember that you are a man of this new-fashioned world.

Falkenburg, another of these castles, is a pile of romantic ruins; such as one would love to sit on in the twilight, telling, or listening to, the tales of the olden time. The river rolls below, darkened with the shadows of the rocks, and the Gothic towers that surmount them; its murmur is brought mystic and indefinite to the ear; the fitful breeze of evening sweeps muttering through the grove, and a

few withered leaves swirl around our head. It is the witching hour of memory, when the ghosts of the past revisit this breathing world, and long-lost voices arise to mingle with the burthen of the Rhine. Neither you nor we, oh, reader! can resist the spell that works around and within us. Listen, therefore, as patiently as you may, to a legend of Falkenburg!

THE OPEN GRAVE.

One afternoon of autumn, a young knight was wending wearily through a forest near the Rhine, his shield slung round his neck, and his helmet in his hand. A jaded but superb war-steed followed him like a spaniel; and ever and anon he turned round to pat his faithful friend on the shoulder, and encourage him to quicken his steps. Both horse and man bore the marks of severe travel, and both looked eagerly along every vista that chanced to open among the trees, in search of a resting-place for the night.

They had wandered long among the mazes of the forest, having entirely lost the track; and the curtain of evening was already beginning to fall, and its golden fringes to sink beneath the horizon, when a joyful sight presented itself to their eyes. This was the square tower of a castle overtopping the trees in the distance. The knight clapped his hands exultingly; and, turning upon his dumb companion a

glance which showed that dejection was not the habitual mood of his mind—

"Said I not so?" exclaimed he—"And thou—infidel!—thou wouldst not believe thy master! Thou wouldst droop thine ears, forsooth, and drag thy limbs, and give thyself up to rueful cogitations on fern-beds and supperless dreams! But the lucky star of Adolph is still predominant. We cannot be more than a day's journey from Falkenburg, and there is peace in the whole country side. To-night we shall sup and sleep luxuriously at this respectable-looking castle, and before to-morrow's sun has sunk behind the Soon Wald I shall clasp once more my Liba in my arms." As he spoke, he hastily arranged the housings of his steed, and then they both set off at a good round pace towards the castle.

"Poor Liba!" continued the knight, musingly, "how surprised she will be to see me! Her mind, when we parted, was full of evil predictions, which my unlooked-for detention at the court of the Palatine will seem to have confirmed. 'Go then, Adolph,' said she, 'since it must be so!'—but she did not suffer me to go. She drew me closer to her bosom, and leaning her brow on my shoulder—'Adolph,' she whispered, 'you are young, and gay, and you will look often upon lovelier faces than Liba's!—but oh! remember, you will never meet with a truer heart; and, that that heart will break if you deceive it!' As she spoke, a raven flapped its wing against the window. She leaped with terror, and, laughing, I hid the panting, fluttering

dovelet in my arms. When I had already mounted my horse, as some sudden thought occurred to her, she rushed after me; but her foot was caught in the knitting-thread that had rolled neglected from her lap, and she fell upon her face. I did not laugh then—and Liba ceased to weep. She dried up her tears, and, shaking her head mournfully, turned away." As these recollections passed through the young knight's mind, a cloud fell upon his brow.

"Can it be," said he, starting, "that there is any truth in such omens? But need I ask?"—and a blush passed across his face. "No matter; they have, at worst, been only *half* true. My wanderings, however, are now over; my adventures are wound up; and I have never yet, in the course of my pilgrimage, looked on a lovelier face than Liba's. As for the winged thoughts of the minute—the light breath expended to win a lighter love—the oaths that are sworn at sunset in a lady's bower;—why, these!"—and the knight laughed disdainfully—"these will serve for confessions on a winter's eve, and Liba herself shall give me absolution!" The path again became more intricate; and the knight, fearful of losing sight of the castle, recalled his thoughts to the immediate circumstances of his situation.

But while pausing in some doubt as to which way to turn, a woodman fortunately passed by, with a load of faggots on his shoulder.

"So ho! Sir knave!" cried the knight: "Whither so late?"

"To yonder castle."

"Do you walk backwards, then, that your face is in the opposite direction?"

"*You* may turn to the right," said the woodman hesitatingly, "and, at a hundred yards' distance, you will find a path leading to the gates." The knight passed on in some surprise, but disdaining to hold further communion with a serf. Another woodman speedily appeared at a little distance, wending in a different direction from the former.

"Fellow!" shouted the knight; "whither goest thou so late?"

"To yonder castle," replied the woodman.

"Crab-wise too!" exclaimed the knight in perplexity: "Come hither, good fellow, and I will show thee a shorter road—nay, if thou wilt not on fair terms, I will try whether my lance or thou can travel fastest." But the knight had scarcely poised his weapon, half in jest and half in earnest, when the woodman, flinging down his faggots, plunged into a thicket and disappeared.

Adolph was not unmoved by the singularity of these incidents; but finding the path which led direct, as he had been told, to the castle-gates, he turned into it without wasting time, as it was already twilight. He had not proceeded far when he observed that, although the track was still sufficiently strongly marked, it had, in all probability, been long untrodden by human feet. The grass in some places was long and rank even in the middle; and ever and anon a wild briar twisted its uncouth branches completely across. As he advanced into

the thicket, above which the tower of the castle was still seen faintly sketched upon the dim sky, the silence and loneliness of the place became almost irksome. He felt as if he was entering the dominions of the dead. But presently an alley opened among the trees; and in the midst of a circular piece of ground, comparatively clear of timber, he reached a small dilapidated chapel, dedicated to the most Holy Virgin.

The knight flung the bridle upon his horse's neck, and, putting aside the ivy and wild shrubs that almost choked up the doorway, entered the solitary fane to return thanks before the altar for the comfortable promise of harbour which was before him. When he had paid, as was meet, his devotions, he threw a glance of curiosity around before retiring. Several tombstones, he could see in the gloom, lay prone upon the ground, or were raised against the tottering wall; and from this circumstance he was led to imagine that the chapel was the family burying-place of the castle. But if so, in what manner could the ruinous and neglected state of the place be accounted for? He was about to withdraw, in rather an uncomfortable frame of mind, when his curiosity received a fresh stimulus as he observed that one of the graves was open and empty.

The singular thing was that it was not a new-made grave gaping for its expected tenant; for the long rank grass, that rejoices in the mould of the tomb, already adorned in lofty patches the bottom

of the pit, and its sides were festooned with creeping plants. Adolph gazed with more awe than if he had seen a coffin or a skeleton reposing below. Indeed it was the *want* of these adjuncts that rendered the object strange and unnatural.

However, after this spectacle, he could not retire without endeavouring to learn at least the name of the family so oddly indifferent to the decencies of the "narrow house;" and having torn away, with some trouble, the ivy and shrubbery that obscured one of the windows, he was enabled to read, on a monumental stone on the opposite wall, the words, "Sir Hugo of Wittenfels."

A troubled recollection arose in the young knight's mind, while he read the name, of a tragical story he had heard in infancy. Sir Hugo he knew was a wealthy and had been a powerful proprietor, and, from the situation of the localities, he was now aware that the domain around him, and the castle in the vicinity, must be his; but it was with the fate of a young and beautiful daughter of the baron, thirty or forty years ago, that the memory of Adolph was busy.

This damsel, in her day and generation, had been one of the most celebrated beauties of the Rhine; but she was vain to such excess that love could never touch her heart. Wooers, notwithstanding, besieged her incessantly, and no sooner did one retire, disgusted with her coldness, or alarmed at her requisitions, than another came in his place. The last was a youth beloved by the whole country,

and the very life of his aged and widowed mother. The imperious Erlinda required of him, as a proof of his love, to repair unarmed to the heights of Kænigsbinn, in the midst of the forest, on the eve of Saint Vanburg, and, keeping watch there all night, to recount to her his adventures in the morning. The ill-fated young man kept only one part of his engagement. He went—but he never returned. Some fragments of his body were found on the rocks, dissevered either by the wolves or by the sorcerers, who held, it was said, their sabbaths on the spot. The poor mother lost her senses at the dreadful news, and only recovered them to curse, in her death-pang, the murderess of her son.

And the curse of the childless widow took effect. On the ninth day Erlinda expired.

Her father felt his heart bowed to the very dust by a catastrophe the thought of which had never entered, even in the most remote manner, into his speculations on the casualties of life. His reason tottered; he would hardly permit the beloved remains to be torn from his arms; but, when at last he consented, he watched with a jealous eye the operation of depositing them in the coffin. He rivetted the lid with his own hands, and carried the burthen upon his own shoulders to the grave. It was said, Adolph remembered, that all this anxiety was owing to some obscure intimations, the import of which he could not call to mind, in the widow's curse; but, however it might be, the fact was certain, having been witnessed by hundreds, that when the father,

depositing his precious load by the side of the open grave, removed the lid to gaze for the last time upon the face of his child—the coffin was found to be empty!

The circumstance made much noise at the time. Hugo was left alone to his grief; and the castle was rarely again visited by strangers. A curse was supposed to hang upon the family, and, as usual, a thousand idle reports were spread of sheeted ghosts and nightly noises, and of misadventures occurring to those whom curiosity or accident led within the fatal walls.

Musing on these tales of the past, with which Adolph remembered his infant dreams had often been scared, the knight slowly left the chapel; and, after emerging from the wilderness of briars and nettles that surrounded it, rejoined his trusty steed, already impatiently making his way to the castle. As they approached nearer, a mournful and desolate scene presented itself. The ditch was half filled up; the walls almost in ruins; and the drawbridge down and imbedded in the earth. Every thing showed that the master of this mansion of woe had long ago abandoned all care of the things of the world.

When Adolph sounded his horn at the portal, the echoes, that seemed to flutter up from the ruined courts in a scared and startled manner, were, for a long time, the only reply; but at a second blast blown by the imperious knight, in a more authoritative tone, a single domestic withdrew the bolts, without challenge, and threw open the gates.

"I am the knight Adolph of Wittenberg," was the brief explanation, "journeying from the court of the Palatine to Falkenburg, and I crave shelter and refreshment for the night for myself and horse."

"These you shall have, I can answer for it," replied the domestic, a withered, white-headed old man; "for although Sir Hugo has lost much, even to some of the faculties of the mind, he never yet shut his gates upon a stranger and a knight."

"If it is thus you manage your drawbridge," thought Adolph, "I can answer for that too!" But as he followed the old man across the desolate court, choked up with grass and nettles—"What has your master lost?" he demanded aloud.

"His daughter," replied the old man.

"That is a story of some thirty or forty years ago."

"Yes, just the age of these nettles."

The knight was ushered up a ruinous staircase into a hall that had once been splendid; where he was received by Sir Hugo with polite hospitality, but with a vacant smile, which showed that his mental faculties were falling into decay as well as his castle. His hair was as white as snow, and his features pale and thin; but he did not appear to be unhappy. He seemed to have sunk gradually into the peace of imbecility; and, at times, a childish air of satisfaction sat upon his face as he looked upon his guest.

Adolph enjoyed the homely supper with the zest of a hungry cavalier of five-and-twenty. In

particular he derived much satisfaction from the curious old wine, which was such as would have been worth its weight in gold at the court of the Palatine; and he strove to repay the hospitality of his host by giving him the news of the world. Sir Hugo listened at first with a languid interest; but by degrees his attention wavered, and, at last, when he had finished his single cup of wine, he said abruptly, with a smile and an imbecile wink—

"And so you are come to marry Erlinda?" Adolph looked aghast; and the old domestic, muttering and fretting, as if the forgetfulness of the poor father had compromised the dignity of the family, bustled up to him.

"For shame, Sir Hugo!" said he angrily: "Recollect yourself, and don't be going a wool-gathering before company."

"Pooh, pooh!" cried Sir Hugo, with childish good-humour, "don't let us make such a fuss about it. Matters have gone too far for that. Did we not wait supper a whole hour for him? When have we supped before in this room? Not since—since—since the other young man promised to bring us the news of the witches' sabbath—which, by the same token, he never did. Why should I have made a point of supping *here*—aye, in spite of your opposition, you tyrannical old fellow—unless to receive my daughter's bridegroom?"

"I tell you, she is dead!" shouted the domestic, out of all temper.

"Dead! you don't say so? She cannot be dead,

or I should have buried her! Answer me that, if you can! Dead! when did she die?"

"Forty years ago."

"Alas—alas!—I thought it must have been long ago, or I could not have forgotten it!" And the poor old knight flung himself back in his chair, with a deep sigh, and sunk into absolute unconsciousness of the things and persons around him.

Adolph, vain and thoughtless as he was, was somewhat shocked by this scene; and, swallowing down another cup of wine at a draught, he rose suddenly from the table, and besought the old servant to show him his room.

As they passed through a very long and ruinous gallery, hung with spiders' webs, the bats, attracted by the light, circled round their heads. The night-wind rushed through the broken windows, and moaned along the passage; and, altogether, a more uncomfortable scene had never presented itself to the eyes of the young knight.

"My good friend," said he at last, "there is no need for our going to the world's end. I am not particular where I lie; but I would rather it were somewhere near you and your master."

"Sir knight," replied the domestic, "we have only one room in the house to offer you. The owls and bats have dispossessed us of the rest, all but Sir Hugo's chamber, where I sleep myself. But, courage, you will rest well, I'll warrant you; and if you *should* imagine you hear any thing but the wind and the birds of night, why, say a *pater noster*, and

make the sign of the cross, and there's no fear of you."

When Adolph was left alone, he imagined that the latter part of the old domestic's speech had been uttered in a significant tone; and he looked round in something not very unlike dismay. There was nothing, however, in the appearance of the room to warrant apprehension; it was small, and exceedingly comfortable. By degrees, his self-possession returned, and he felt happy that he had not given utterance to a request which had just risen to his lips—to be permitted to lie in the chamber of the imbecile old knight. Notwithstanding, he could not prevail upon himself to undress; but, wrapping the coverlid round him, he lay down upon the bed; and, saying a *pater noster* with great fervency, composed himself to sleep.

To sleep in such circumstances, however, was no easy matter. Over-exertion has sometimes the same effect as want of proper exercise. There is a certain quantity of wine, too, which, without leaving the drinker absolutely sober, denies him that which is the greatest bliss of drunkenness to the sad, the guilty, and the over-weary—sleep. It was precisely to this measure that Adolph had drank. A cup more would have saved him much trouble, a cup less much woe.

As it was, when lying listening to the moaning of the wind, as the time approached the middle watch of the night, he heard, all on a sudden, mingling with the sound, the voice of some one singing. His

senses were too much confused at the moment, between the effects of wine and the approaches of slumber, to give him warrant that it was not a dream; but, raising himself hastily on his elbow, he parted his hair from his ears, and listened. It was, indeed, a human voice, and a female one; and so rich, so full, so sweet, that Adolph, falling gently back on the pillow, lay entranced in a kind of voluptuous delight.

When he had drank in the last accents of this enchanting melody—which seemed to proceed from the next chamber—he started up from the bed. He reflected with scorn on the fears that had so lately beset him, and the visions of graves, and winding-sheets, and uncoffined corses, that even now had glided before his half-sleeping eyes. These were no charnel-house sounds! There were life, and youth, and warmth, in their tone—a tone that could only proceed from the lips of love and beauty! What a strange adventure! Who was this mysterious fair? Was she confined, like the damsels celebrated in minstrel-song, in an enchanted castle? —and was the task of her deliverance reserved for him? The young knight, in a tumult of delightful imaginations, was already in the passage, and gliding quickly, but stealthily, towards the door of the next room, to—peep through the keyhole!

When he reached the door, he found that there was no need of such an expedient, as it was half open. With a beating heart he saw the fair singer within—and, if ever he looked upon a lovelier face

than Liba's, it was surely now! She sat on a stool with her back to the door; but, as a large mirror was before her on a marble table, Adolph was exposed to the full blaze of her charms. She was about eighteen, or, it may be, approaching to nineteen years of age; and there was singularly mingled in her manner, and cast of countenance, the frivolity of girlhood with even more than the reflective gravity of later life. She contemplated her fair face in the glass—played with the rich ringlets of her hair—placed and displaced them—smiled, bridled, and attitudinized; but, in the midst of all—or rather, *under* all—there appeared to be a deep and settled melancholy, amounting to sadness, if not despair!

Adolph felt himself at once attracted and repelled. One moment he was about to rush into the room, and fall at her feet, by the impulse of a vanity which had never known repulse; and the next he shrank back with a feeling of mysterious terror. At length, as the midnight damsel turned her head, with a slight shriek, apparently alarmed by the flapping of a raven's wing upon the window, he staggered from the door, and had regained his chamber before he knew whether he intended to retreat or not. He locked himself in, sunk exhausted upon the bed, and fell into a profound sleep, from which he did not awake till the morning was far advanced.

When he got up, it was with some difficulty that he found the hall where they had supped, which was in a distant part of this ancient and intricate building. On his way, he debated with himself

whether it would be proper or otherwise to speak of the adventure of the night. The residence of the damsel at the castle, however, was evidently intended to be a secret; which, perhaps, he had no right to possess himself of in the way he had done; and, at all events, he determined to be guided in the frankness of his communications by the manner of the old domestic.

This person, however, did not make his appearance. Breakfast was laid out on the table,—to which Adolph helped himself with an appetite that did not appear to have been injured by the transactions of the night; and he then, by dint of shouting and rapping, endeavoured to make those whom it concerned understand that he desired to take leave, and pursue his journey. The old domestic, after some time, answered him from a distant chamber; informing him that Sir Hugo had been very unwell after the exertion of the past night, and could not at present leave his room, although he was anxious, to an extraordinary degree, to see him before he left the castle. "For God and our Lady's sake," continued the speaker, "stay with us this day! —for if my poor master should chance to remember you when he descends to supper, and finds that you are gone, he will mope himself almost to death. It is his way—he is no better than a child."

We cannot aver that our adventurer was very much concerned at the kind of moral restraint which was thus put upon his liberty. Liba, it is true—the beautiful—the faithful—the beloved, was barely

a day's journey from him, and his nuptials were to take place in the same hour he returned; but the interest that would, at any time, have hung around the damsel of the night was heightened to such a degree, by the mystery in which she was enveloped, that he felt a positive relief in the postponement of his journey; though it was not without remorse that he detected in his heart this feeling of satisfaction. Liba flitted before his mind's eye, like a phantom, half of sorrow, half of threatening; and he was fain, at last, to take refuge in the vulgar sanctuary of guilt or weakness, and exclaim, "It is my fate!—It is my fate!"

At dinner, which appeared before he awakened from his reverie, and at the usual hour of noon, the old domestic exhibited none of the embarrassment of a man who possesses a secret. He asked, it is true, with a transient expression of curiosity, how Adolph had slept; but, on being answered, "Well," appeared satisfied, and did not return to the subject. He said that, although Sir Hugo was far gone in dotage, he sometimes took fancies in his head which went to such a length that any disappointment or contradiction brought on an illness, hard to be sustained by so weak a frame. The present "fancy" —to which he had himself alluded last night—was that their guest had come to marry his daughter! And to this extravagant idea he would in all probability cling till some new one drove it from his brain.

Adolph passed the interval between dinner and

supper in attending to his horse, and wandering about the castle and its grounds. The family pictures, which were good and numerous, although in bad preservation, occupied a considerable portion of the time; and the dismantled chambers of the shattered edifice, which was of Roman origin, were all viewed with interest. In the in-door survey, the old domestic was his guide; and Adolph felt his heart beat, and his cheeks tingle, as, at length, they arrived, after making the tour of the building, at the room next his own. He watched the old man's face with eager curiosity, as he took hold of the handle of the door in its turn. Not a change of feature, however, was perceptible; and Adolph—half believing that the adventure of the night had been only a dream—determined to put some home questions to him when they entered; but, at the moment, the querulous voice of the invalid was heard, and the guide hurried away to attend to his master.

When the adventurer entered alone, he found the apartment exactly as he had seen it the night before. This did not look like a dream! There were, however, no traces of an inhabitant. The bed-curtains were covered with dust, and there was a cold, raw air in the place which sent a chill to his heart. Yet, as the room was still better than his own, and wanted only a fire and a fresh current of air to be more comfortable, it was strange that the old man should have omitted it in his brief list of those exempted from the dominion of the bats and owls!

Not knowing what to think, Adolph sauntered out into the grounds, and unconsciously took the way to the chapel in the wood. Here he stood pondering for a considerable time by the side of the open grave; and it is to be presumed his reflections were befitting the solemnity of the place; for, before retiring, he threw himself on his knees by the altar. On his way back, notwithstanding, he was gloomy and uneasy. He felt as if he was doing wrong in remaining at all; and he had more than once a mind to saddle his steed, and ride off without taking leave of any one.

When he regained the castle, he was still too early for supper; and, to pass the time, amused himself once more by looking at the pictures which hung upon the wall. There was one place at the end of the hall covered by a black curtain, which, at his first survey, he had imagined to conceal either a window or a cupboard. At all events, the fact of the curtain being drawn implied that there was *something* to conceal, and he had passed it by with instinctive delicacy. Now, however, instigated by the devil of idleness or curiosity, or both, he could not refrain from raising a corner of the screen; and, finding that it covered only a picture, he withdrew the whole.

His first glance showed him that the subject of the piece was a figure gazing into an *open grave;* and, without knowing why, his blood ran cold with horror. The figure was that of a lady, and her features resembled—Adolph gasped for breath,

and a cold sweat broke upon his forehead—they resembled the features of the mysterious damsel! He grew sick and faint, and, as the old domestic entered the room, dropped the curtain in a fright.

The old man, however, made no remark, although he must have observed the stranger's occupation. He merely said that Sir Hugo was still too unwell to appear at supper, but hoped to see his guest on the following morning. Mentally resolving that if Sir Hugo, or any body else, saw him in that neighbourhood at all, it should be tolerably *early* in the morning, Adolph sat down.

But our adventurer, who was a voluptuary, not in one of his senses, but in all, had not long been engaged in the pleasing duties of the table, before more charitable ideas than those he had unconsciously entertained arose in his mind. Was it surprising, he inquired, to find a resemblance between family pictures and those who, undoubtedly, were members of the family? Surely not: and as for the circumstance of the open grave, on which his imagination had laid such stress, it was undoubtedly connected with a very remarkable occurrence—but an occurrence that already might be said to appertain to the history of a former generation. Still it was not so *very* wonderful that this event should be commemorated in the family pictures; and might not any oddity in the manner of its commemoration be reasonably set down to the lunatic fancies of Sir Hugo? Adolph ate and drank heartily; and, by

the time he had finished his meal, he was ready to laugh at the strange notions which had so unnaccountably beset him.

Still, as the night drew on, and it became time to retire, he felt a kind of repugnance to leave the dining-hall, although the only company there was the old domestic. It was tormenting to be thus afflicted with the feeling, after having reasoned himself into a persuasion of its absurdity; or rather, it was tormenting to find his motives governed by a feeling that had ceased to exist. But, perhaps, the racy old wine was the true centre of attraction! And, as the idea occurred to him, he caught at it eagerly—and at the flask also. The old man marvelled greatly at the sedentary taste of the knight, and shook his head (aside) at the devotion he evinced for the bottle: but by and by his eyes, unaccustomed to such late carousing, began to close, and the voice of the guest sounded dream-like and indistinct in his ears. Adolph could no longer withstand the hint, but with an unsteady step and flushed brow arose from the table.

"I say, my old fellow," said he, "who is that—that young lady, behind the curtain?"

"Yes—sir."

"Who?—oh!—a relation?"

"Yes, sir."

"Devilish fine girl!"

"Devilish."

"Ah, you are a sly old knave! What, mum's the word?—well, keep your secret—keep your

secret, I say; that is, keep it as long as you can! And now to bed—to bed!"

When left alone in his chamber, his heart, in spite of himself, beat time to the quickly-retreating footsteps of the old domestic. The phantom of Liba appeared to his mind's eye, and bent on him a tearful and terrified look. Conscience-smitten, he threw himself on the bed, and wished, or *almost* wished, to fall asleep, and thus escape temptation. The wish, however, if it was formed at all, was too late—for, at that moment, the voice of the midnight singer rose like a hymn of love upon his soul.

He lay for some time in an extasy; but when the voice ceased the spell was broken, and he started up from the bed. This time no fear was in his heart, and no caution in his steps. Heated at once by wine and passion, and emboldened by a boundless vanity, he rushed out of the room, and, in an instant, found himself in the presence of the sweet singer of the night.

The beautiful unknown rose in confusion; while a thousand graces fluttered in her face, and in her fluttering bosom, at the sight of a stranger in her room. Yet there was less overwhelming surprise in her manner than might have been expected. She appeared to be a coquette of nature's own forming; and to be protected by the coldness of coquetry from all sudden and violent emotions. The deep and strange melancholy, however, which was visible even through her sparkling smile, served to redeem her expression from the charge of heartlessness or

frivolity, and to touch with sentiment a beauty which would otherwise have been as cold as monumental marble. Adolph, as he gazed, felt his admiration chastened by awe, and it was not till a gleam of deep and even passionate meaning had stolen, as if unawares, from her downcast eyes, that the libertine dared to take her hand.

She allowed him to retain the prize without a struggle, and he covered it with kisses. An intoxication more powerful than that of wine now came over his senses; and he attempted to clasp the so gentle fair one in his arms. She disengaged herself, however, although not reproachfully, and sighed, shook her head, and coquetted in dumb show. The experienced gallant, aware of the true value of such a repulse, became only more bold and more intoxicated; when suddenly she caught up a ring from the table, and presented it to her impassioned lover. Scarcely looking at the bauble, he put it upon his finger, and the unknown instantly clasped him in her arms, and imprinted a kiss upon his lips!

Adolph was thunderstruck, not by a boldness which men easily find excuses for in such circumstances; but the lips of the damsel were so singularly cold that a chill ran through his blood at the touch. He remembered, however, the damp cold air of the room even in the forenoon, and was only surprised that its inhabitant should retain the warmth of life at all. But he had no time to reassure himself; for when about to reply to his strange mistress's salute, a raven passing the

window screamed horribly at the sight of the light; and, as if alarmed by the ill-boding sound, she snatched up the lamp, and sprang into an adjoining room, and disappeared.

Adolph, left in the dark, lost his presence of mind for a moment; but, ashamed at last of the feeling of terror which began to creep over him, he followed the damsel, as nearly as he could guess, towards the door by which she had retreated. Not a gleam of light, however, was visible. He called out; and the echoes of his voice were the only answer, as they rumbled through the desolate mansion, and died away in the distance. He then crept shuddering to his bed, and, covering himself up with the bed-clothes, did not withdraw them from his head till the crowing of the cock, and the morning carols of innumerable birds, assured him that it was daylight.

The old domestic was lighting the fire in the hall when Adolph entered, fully equipped for his journey, to crave the stirrup-cup, and transmit his thanks to Sir Hugo for his hospitality.

"Saint Mary!" cried the old man, as he went in, "How pale and haggard you do look, Sir Knight! No one would take you for a bridegroom! He! he!"

"For a bridegroom! I do not understand the jest."

"Alas, my poor master! His wild fancies were at their height last night; and the devil could not drive it out of his head that it was *your* wedding-night, and that his daughter was the bride!" Adolph grew still paler; but, walking suddenly up

to the veiled picture, he withdrew the curtain, and demanded in a stern and solemn voice—

"Old man, who is this lady?"

"Alas, it is Erlinda!" The knight staggered back. He threw some money upon the table to the servant, and left the house without uttering a word.

Adolph was again at Falkenberg, and again at the feet and in the arms of his Liba. All men wondered at the cloud which sat habitually upon his brow, and still more at the wild bursts of merriment with which this was sometimes dispelled. Liba only wondered that her lover did not claim his privilege of fixing the very hour of his return for the celebration of their nuptials; but when day after day passed on without a word being said on the subject, her relations could no longer conceal their discontent; and at last they demanded peremptorily of the knight, that the following day should be appointed for the ceremony. When the unhappy Adolph consented, it was observed that he grew deadly pale, and looked down hurriedly at his right hand, on which he always wore a ring.

Before the procession set out for the church, he was desired jestingly to take off this favourite ring, as the finger on which it happened to be was to perform an important part in the ceremony.

"I have already tried," said he, in a tone of deep despondence, "and in vain. The finger has doubtless grown since I put it on."

"On what occasion did you put it on?" asked an old woman sharply; "not in a church, I'll warrant me!"

"No, not in a church."

"Nor at midday?"

"No, at midnight." The old woman shook her head.

"Bring me my coif," said she, "rheumatism or no rheumatism. By my halidame, I would not miss this wedding for something!" The procession moved on.

"Who is that, dear Liba," whispered Adolph to his bride—"that lady with the veil, walking alone? I did not observe her among the company in the saloon."

"What lady? There are many veils here, but we are all walking two and two. You are pale, Adolph—you tremble! Alas! my love, let us put off still longer this unhappy ceremony, the thought of which seems to affect you so much."

"No, no, it is as well now as again. I will dare my fate!" They stood at the altar, and the service began.

"When the bridegroom presented his right hand to Liba, he trembled and averted his eyes. The grasp that met his made him remember the cold thrill which had frozen his blood on that fatal night in the Castle of Wittenfels! Slowly, fearfully, and as if by strong compulsion, he turned his eyes, and saw standing between him and the bride—Erlinda —no longer radiant in love and beauty, but as cold, and still, and dead, as marble, and arrayed in the white dress of the grave. The knight fell as if struck by a sudden blow, and was carried senseless out of the church.

When he recovered he sent for a priest, and by confession eased his guilty breast of a load of woe. By the advice of the holy man he repaired and richly adorned the chapel in the wood, and Sir Hugo having died on the same day that Adolph left the castle, he was buried therein with much solemnity. When nine times nine masses had been said for the soul of Erlinda, the joyful news was announced that the open grave was filled up!—and Adolph ventured to complete the wedding ceremony with his faithful Liba. After this hour, it is said, the knight never wished to look through a key-hole so long as he lived.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONFLUENCE OF THE RHINE AND THE MOSEL.

AFTER repassing Assmanhausen, the castles of Heimburg and Sonneck appear on the left bank; and lower down those of Furstenberg and Stahlech. On the right is the little town of Lorch, situated at the entrance of the Wisperthal. This is a very romantic valley, and, as well as the valley of the Sauer, into which it leads, includes a singular variety of scenery. Almost every height in view is surmounted by a ruin; and, at every step, the Rhine —the grand object in the picture—appears in a new attitude.

Behind Lorch is the rocky mountain of Kederich, which is also known by the name of Teufelsleiter (Devil's Ladder), apparently because no human ladder would be of any use in an attempt to scale it. The name however, as might be expected, is claimed by tradition, and a circumstantial account given, as follows, of the merits of the case.

The lord of a neighbouring castle, it seems, of which there are now only some scanty ruins left, was of a churlish disposition, and one night in particular—it was a dark and stormy night—turned away from his door a "little old man" who implored shelter. The next day this lord's young and lovely daughter was missing; and in the afternoon the wretched father saw her clearly from his castle windows standing on the inaccessible heights of the Kederich. He knew now, of course, with whom he had had to deal the evening before—one of the gnomes of the mountain!—and set to work to strew his bread and his alms, to curse and to pray, and to make vows and ladders. All was in vain.

Four years after, when a young knight, returned from the wars of Hungary, was wandering among the rocks of the mountain, dreaming of the fate of Garlinda, who was by this time the heroine of the popular songs, he saw an old man in a situation of singular danger. The wretch was far above the young knight's head, lying on the very brink of a rock, and fast asleep. Every now and then a twist of his limbs brought him nearer to the edge; he was evidently in the midst of a dream; and, in another moment, he would undoubtedly roll into a gulf, where he must be a dead man long before reaching the bottom. To shout would only hasten his fate; and the generous knight, with extraordinary hazard to his neck, climbed up the rock to his rescue.

He had just grasped the unfortunate being by the collar, when the latter, awakened and perhaps terrified by the touch, sprang over the cliff! He struck, however, on a projecting point of the rock, and clung on with a death-grip. The knight, horror-struck, risked every thing to repair the mischief he had done. He followed, but more cautiously; and would have succeeded this time in saving his man, had not the strength of the latter given way at the moment. He sunk helplessly to another ledge of the rocks; and there also was pursued by the enterprising philanthropist.

Our adventurer, however, was now suddenly alarmed by the growing darkness of the gulf, and by a strange conviction he felt, that the old man was not alarmed at all; and all at once he began to mutter a pater noster, and re-ascend the rocks. His foot slipped, however, at the moment, and he fell upon the object of his fear and compassion, who received him with shrieks of wild laughter, and both parties tumbled, head over heels, to the very bottom of the cliff.

"What is all this noise about?" demanded another little old man, coming out of a hole in the rock, in the dress of a miner, and with a lamp in his hand. The knight's companion was for some time unable to answer for laughing; but, at last—

"Brother," said he, "this young fellow would needs save my life, and ventured his own to help me out of the rocks! What shall we do in return? Shall we give him Garlinda to wife?"

"Garlinda is in the safe keeping of our eldest brother at the top of the mountain. We have no more control over her than we have over the moon."

"I know that; but our eldest brother is a good-natured fellow at bottom, although he hates churls. Do you, who understand the trade, make a ladder for this young man to ascend the mountain, and leave the rest to me." Telling the knight then to take care to be at a certain place at the bottom of the mountain by day-break, he showed him a subterranean passage by which he easily found his way out of the gulf. As the adventurer retreated, he already heard the noise of felling trees, the grating of the saw, the thump of the hammer, and the shouts of innumerable workmen; and he pleased himself with the idea that the little old man's ladder was something more than a joke.

The next morning he was punctual to his appointment, and sure enough a ladder appeared reaching to the very top of the mountain! The knight was a little giddy at first when he began to mount; but, taking care not to look down, and to keep saying his pater noster incessantly, he at length gained the summit. Here a sight awaited him beautiful enough to repay a thousand such dangers: it was Garlinda lying asleep upon the velvet turf. Lilies and roses! —was there ever such a girl! The knight's lips watered as he looked at her.

"Hush! hush!" whispered a little old man, stealing out on tip-toe from behind a rock—"I am one of the carpenters, your honour, that made the

ladder, and I am sorry to tell you that Garlinda's master is inexorable. He is here, however, lying as fast asleep as she is, and a single blow of your sword will deliver your mistress, and save your life!"

"I would not slay a sleeping man," replied the knight, "to deliver a dozen mistresses, or to save my own life, were it as manifold as a cat's."

"Oh! do not slay him!" exclaimed Garlinda, awakening at the moment: "he has stolen me from my father, it is true; but indeed he has been a father to me himself!"

"What is to do here?" said the eldest brother, in a gruff but broken voice, as he came from behind the rock, wiping his eyes—"Let us have no more words, for I know all. Here is your dowry, Garlinda (giving her a basket of precious stones), tell your father that I forgive him. Good bye, Sir Knight—you who would break your neck to save an old miner's, but who would not slay a sleeping man either for love or fear! Good bye! I shall see you again at certain family epochs, as often as they occur, and never come empty-handed. Now, show them the subterranean route, and let the ladder hang as a warning to the country, till it falls in pieces by the action of the elements."

The valley of the Wisper is the scene of many other stories: among the *personæ* of which are always to be found some of those goblin-miners that give an air of such originality to German tradition. The rocks, however, are occasionally peopled by

more beautiful beings, whose eyes and lips emulate the diamonds and rubies which adorn their subterranean dwellings. Sometimes on the wild and savage route among the cliffs, when the bewildered traveller gazes around on what appears to be the ruined battlements of some fortress of the antique world, he sees suddenly peeping forth, from a window-like cleft, a head—a face—such as he had never before contemplated save in dreams. If terror masters the passion which is the wizard-spell of the unknown, he may pass in safety, by speed of foot, the frontiers of her domain: but woe betide the adventurer who lingers near the enchanted fastnesses of beauty! Night surprises him in his search after the gates of the castle; thick darkness descends around him, sometimes broken by glancing lights; the earth trembles as if with inward tumult; shouts of distant laughter rise with a muffled swell from the caverns, and the rocks ring with mysterious music. Pale, wild, and haggard, the scared traveller is awakened the next morning by the sun to resume his journey:—but the barb has stuck! His ear is haunted by a voice which it detected in the midst of all the sounds of the night; his eye is darkened with the shadow of that shape of immortal beauty which it had beheld but for an instant. Never more can his heart be touched by the daughters of earth. Dreams—longings—vague desires—ambition without prospect, and endless searchings without an object, fill up the measure of his existence.

But, if admitted within the dwelling of the enchantress!—what dismal vaults—what lengthened corridors—what interminable flights of stairs he must traverse—disturbed by clapping doors, and calling voices, and inarticulate whispers running along the walls! At length, the sounds become more distinct, and the passages terminate at a magnificent door, opening, no doubt, into the grand saloon. He stops panting—half terrified, half ashamed; but to recede would be worse folly than to go on, and suddenly he flings open the portal which is to lead him to the paradise of hope, and rushes into the room. Such a blaze of light falls upon his eye and soul that he thinks for an instant he has entered the sun. The apartment, of a hundred-sided figure, is a single mass of mirror. The mirrored ceiling is supported by innumerable columns of mirror, that seem to grow out of the mirrored floor; and the whole are illumined by countless lustres formed of nothing less valuable than brilliants and sapphires. But, while swooning with surprise, he is recalled to life by the apparition of his fairy mistress bounding with open arms into the room. His mistress?—a hundred—a thousand—a million of mistresses!—for the walls multiply her image till the soul of the worshipper grows faint with beauty. He rushes towards her, and she to him. It is the cold mirror he embraces; for so admirable is the reflection that it cannot be distinguished from the substance! Impatient, and yet tenderly coquettish, the beauty motions him to approach where she really

stands; but the motion is so manifold—so many thousands of pouting lips are at one moment half-opened, in such entreaty as the rose makes to Zephyrus—so many hundreds of thousands of white arms curved at the same instant, and the hand waved inwards, that the lover is bewildered. He springs at a venture towards the nearest, and clasps a column in his arms. Reproachfully she signs to him again, and stamps her tiny foot in impatience and disdain. He rushes again towards the idol, and dashes himself violently against the wall. Her anger is turned into amusement; she claps her hands, jumps and dances with mirth, and her laughter leaps along the ceiling in a ceaseless "he! he! he!" Rage now lends violence to love, and the disappointed wooer flies recklessly from wall to wall, from corner to corner, from pillar to pillar; and, at length, as the unearthly laughter rises to a scream, faint, baffled, bruised, and bloody, he sinks senseless on the floor.

He awakes in the open air, at the foot of the rocks—but his mind sleeps on. How dire the fate of these two adventurers! One driven to madness, the other to the muse! Let us take warning.

The scene of these wild stories is among the richest of the Rhine in *pictures*. You traverse the Wisperthal, or coast along the river, as in a gallery of landscapes. The subject of all is the same:—a still smooth lake, overhung by hills and rocks, with here and there a grove and a ruin; but the pencil of nature knows how to amuse with variety, and

startle with novelty, however restricted in materials. Descending the stream, the fine ruins of Furstemberg present themselves, surrounded with woods and vineyards, and, at the farther end of the river-lake, the small town of Bacharach, with its numerous towers, commanded by the shattered walls of the castle of Stahleck, looking down from the height.

This ancient ruin stands in one of the finest situations of the Rhine; and the report that the Prince-royal of Prussia, to whom it belongs, intends to rebuild the castle for his own residence, reflects credit on his taste. The holy martyr, St. Werner, was apparently of the same mind; for when the Jews assassinated him at Wesel, in 1287, his body ascended the river, and landed at Bacharach; where the old walls of Wernerskirche, mouldering beside the castle, still show where it was buried.

Another whirlpool, but of a less important character than the one in the Bingerloch, presents itself a little way below Bacharach. In calm weather, the action of the stream itself sweeps the boat out of the way of danger; but, in a cross wind, there is some risk of coming in contact with the sunken rocks near the right bank. The river here presents to perfection the appearance of a beautiful and lonely lake; and, in the middle, an island-castle rises from the waters, which, to an imaginative traveller, confers a charm akin to enchantment on the whole scene.

The Pfalzgrafenstein, or rock of the Palatines, was the resort, it is said, of the countesses when

about to continue the line, and a little chamber is still seen in the tower, where they awaited the critical moment. At present, the wind groans, unaccompanied, through the deserted edifice, and the startling "too-whoo" of the owl is the only cry that awakens the nightly echoes of the river.

Opposite the Pfalz, on the right bank, stands the little town of Kaub, with the castle of Guttenfels superbly situated on the edge of a rock behind it, and its guard-house stuck upon a projecting pinnacle.

Oberwesel, a small town on the left bank, is chiefly distinguished at the present day by the ruins of the castle of Schœnberg, in the neighbourhood. The family, now extinct, is known in history from an early period of the Frankish monarchy. The seven pointed cliffs which are seen near the surface of the river, at Wesel, were once, according to tradition, seven beautiful sisters of this ancient race. In life they were prudes, who wrecked the dearest hopes of half the youth of the country, and, at their death, became rocks, against which the keel of the careless mariner grazes as he floats down the Rhine.

Passing Wesel, we leave the forms and footsteps of men behind, and enter into the domain of nature. The river narrows, and rushes between two walls of naked cliff; till, at length, we reach an enormous rock, which invites threateningly our attention. A gun is fired, as if in salutation to the Genius Loci, who returns the compliment upwards of a dozen

times; and then a horn pours its wild and melancholy music over the waters, which is caught up by the invisible choir, and repeated over and over again till we get out of hearing. The rock of Lurley was once the abode of a syren, as mischievous as beautiful, who has long ago disappeared in the depths of the river, leaving nothing behind but her voice.

We now arrive at Saint Goar, and the ruins of the castle of Rheinfels; but here the pen gives willing place to the pencil. In the view which adorns this volume at the commencement, the town and river are seen through an arch, in such a way as to convey a complete idea of what we have called the lakes of the Rhine.

In entering Saint Goar by the gate of the Rhine, a stranger of these every-day times thinks of nothing but being bothered about his passport. It was once very different. A traveller of any consideration, who visited the town for the first time, was asked by the functionary—

"Sir—my Lord—or Sir Knight," as it happened —"with what do you please to be baptized, wine or water?" "With wine," of course was the answer, if the respondent happened to be a man of any kind of good sense or virtuous habits; and, after being commanded to prepare himself for the ceremony by giving an alms to the poor, he was straightway led by his sponsors to the Fleur de Lys. In this ancient hostelrie the neophyte was seated amidst the assembled brethren, a brazen crown placed on his head,

and the rules of the Order of the Collar read to him. A huge goblet of silver was then presented to him, filled to the lip with wine, and this he was commanded to drain to the health of the emperor. A second was emptied in honour of the Landgrave of Hesse; and a third gurgled salutation to the company. The same ceremony was gone through by the sponsors; and, the name of the baptized being duly entered in the register of the order, a second collection was made for the poor, and he was permitted to continue his way into the town. If, instead of wine, the misguided individual desired baptism with water, he was justly punished for the immorality by a bucket of the insipid element being tumbled upon his head. This order, it is said, had its origin in the reconciliation at St. Goar of the two sons of Charlemagne, which was doubtless accompanied by the much out-pouring of wine, and in memory whereof they hung up at the gates a brazen collar.

Passing Welmich, on the right bank, with its Gothic tower and fine ruins, we meet Hirzenach on the left; and, soon after, Salzig, with its cherry-fields, the produce of which is estimated at eight thousand florins. On the opposite side of the river, we see the ruins of the castles of Sternberg and Liebenstein, built on two of the little vineyard-mountains of the Rhine, and separated by a beautiful valley. This is the scene of a story of romantic love, and no less romantic generosity, which is known to most of our readers.

Two brothers inhabited these two castles in the days of yore, and both unfortunately loved the same lady. She, on her part, loved them both, with the innocent affection of a sister, and hesitated to choose either, aware that her choice must give pain to the other. The eldest, at length, influenced by some of those "trifles light as air," which form the faith and convictions of love, believed that his brother was the object of her secret preference, and retired in dejection from the field. The marriage of the younger, therefore, was arranged; and the ceremony would instantly have taken place, had not his light and fickle spirit caught the fever of enthusiasm which, at that time, raged on the banks of the Rhine. He determined to obey the call of Saint Bernard, and strike one blow for his God on the fields of Palestine before giving himself up to his lady.

The elder, left in the society of his lost mistress, felt that love triumphed over every thing in his heart but truth and chivalrous honour. But soon the news arrived that his wandering brother was about to return—accompanied by a wife! The wrongs of the deserted maiden, from the instant, became his own, and a feud commenced between the two knights, which was, at length, to be determined by a single combat. When the brothers, however, met for this deadly purpose, she who had once been loved by them both threw herself between their swords, and, by her prayers and expostulations, effected a reconciliation. She then withdrew for ever from their eyes, and took the veil.

The unprincipled love of the younger met with its just reward. His wife dishonoured him. Convinced of the fact by his elder brother, he would have stabbed her on the spot, but the latter, generous in all things, dissuaded him from the deed of blood. They embraced, and lived alone for the rest of their lives. When they died, their name and house were thus extinguished with them, and their castles, falling into decay, became their monuments, retaining to this day the name of the Two Brothers.

Between this and Boppart the short distance was beguiled—or rather, we were robbed of the details of some very charming scenery—by a little incident involving one of the coincidences which are supposed to be peculiar to romance. A peasant-girl, who had excited the attention of some of our fellow-passengers by a singularly pretty face and interesting appearance, was all on a sudden seen to tremble and grow pale, and exhibit every mark of extreme distress. She had just learned, we discovered, that the vessel was not to remain at Boppart, the place of her destination, and that consequently her passage-money must be paid before landing. There was the rub. She had not a coin of any kind in her pocket; and, as her brother, to whom she was going, was in one of the vessels in the harbour, she had intended to leave her effects, contained in a small paper trunk, with the captain, while she went to seek him.

When reminded of the imprudence of travelling without money, and the possibility that her brother

might not be found after all (for we could see that the company meant to befriend her, and therefore thought themselves entitled to lecture), she dried her tears, and replied calmly—

"As for that, it could not be helped. There are but two of us in the world, and our father and mother are dead, and Ernest and I have not seen each other since we were children. He arrived last Wednesday at Boppart from Rotterdam, in the sloop where he is an apprentice, and wrote to me, that if I would come to see him he had saved money enough to pay my passage there and back, although he did not like to send it for fear of accident. And so, the moment I received his letter, I threw my clothes into this box, and set out, laughing and crying together, for Bingen—where by good luck I found the steam-boat just about to start."

"And what will you do now?" said we, seeing that the damsel, as she came to "good luck," began to renew her sobs.

"What will she do!" exclaimed huskily a great lumbering Dutchman, fumbling in his fathomless pockets as he shouldered through the bystanders: and the animal was just about to spoil the scene by relieving the distress of the heroine!

"What shall I do?" repeated the damsel with a kind of mockery, as we thought, of our foreign accent, while she shook away her tears briskly, and somewhat pertly: "Why, lose my clothes, to be sure, which I am told they will keep for the fare. What then? I shall see my brother!"

"See him now!—see him now!—oh! my sister!" exclaimed a voice behind her. She turned round with a scream, and, gazing for one instant upon a fair-haired boy, who stood looking at her with wet cheeks and open arms, she "fell upon his neck, and kissed him." The lad's story was as simple as his sister's:—

"After I had written," said he, "I received unexpectedly the leave of absence, which had been refused me before; and, thinking that I should arrive earlier than my letter, I set off on the instant. I found, however, that my sister had just set out for Bingen, and, as I ran all the way myself, I concluded that I must have passed her on the road, and, to prevent any possibility of our missing each other, took my passage in the steam-boat, then starting, with the intention of waiting on the quay of Boppart for the arrival of the next."

Boppart, on the left bank, a town of between three and four thousand inhabitants, is a place of great antiquity, and its appearance does not belie its age. It is situated on one of the most beautiful of the lakes of the Rhine, surrounded with heights that are crowned with ruins, and divided by valleys, resembling the fictions of poetry. We had here a specimen of one of those storms which, on the Rhine, sweep, like a passion over a beautiful face, to blacken and distort it for one moment, and die away the next in tears and silence. But we cannot better describe it than by copying the following wild, sudden, and fantastic description, in which Genius seems to personify itself in the giant of its song.

"As when, of amorous night uncertain birth,
The giant of still noon-tide, weary grown,
Crawls sultrily along the steaming earth,
And basks him in the meadows, sun-beam strown—
Anon his brow collapses to a frown,
Unto his feet he springs, and bellows loud,
With uncouth rage pulls the rude tempest down,
Shatters the woods beneath his fury bow'd,
And hunts the frighted winds, and huddles cloud on cloud:

Nor rests, but, by the heat to madness stung,
With headlong speed tramples the golden grain,
And, at a bound, over the mountains flung,
Grasps the reluctant thunder by the mane,
And drags it back, girt with a sudden chain,
Of thrice-braced lightning; now, more fiercely dire,
Slipt from its holds, flies down the hissing rain;
The labouring welkin teems with leaping fire,
That strikes the straining oak, and smites the glimmering spire.

And yet, at length appeased, he sinks, and, spent,
Gibbers far off over the misty hills;
And the stain'd sun, through a cloud's jagged rent,
Goes down, and all the west with glory fills;
A fresher bloom the odorous earth distils,
A richer green reviving nature spreads,
The water-braided rainbow, melting, spills
Her liquid light into the air, and sheds
Her lovely hues upon the flowers' dejected heads."*

After leaving this antique-looking town, and its cultivated fields, the river becomes more romantic, and the castles of Marcusburg and Phillipsburg

* From "The Solitary, a Poem, by Charles Whitehead," published (1831) by Mr. E. Wilson, or rather, bearing Mr. Wilson's name on the title-page, for we do not find that it was ever published, in the proper

present very picturesque points of view. The former, seated on a rock, is an object of great curiosity, being still entire. Passing the little town of Rhense, near which was the Kœnigstuhl, or Royal-seat, where the electors of the Rhine met to deliberate on the affairs of the empire, and Oberlahnstein, with the ruins of Stolzenfels, we

sense of the word, by any one. This, although certainly faulty, both in subject and management, we take to be one of the most remarkable productions of the present day; and if the author lives and writes a little longer—and if the perception of poetry in this country "is not dead, but sleepeth,"—the name of Whitehead, in spite of its associations, will, one day, we think, rank among the brightest in the poetical calendar of England. In some touches of his quality, he approaches nearer to Spenser than any author we know; but, with *almost* as much richness of fancy and felicity of versification, he promises *more* nerve and condensation. In the flow of his verse, he sometimes, though not frequently, resembles Byron; but the following exquisite stanza is the only one in which we can trace any decided imitation; and here the imitation may be forgiven, since it is a manifest improvement on the original. Byron's idea is contained in the line—

"Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven!"

and this was evangelised by our friend, Thomas Pringle, into—

"The starry Scriptures of the sky."

Whitehead surpasses both:—

"But, pensive Autumn, most with thee I love,
When the wrung peasant's anxious toil is done,
Among the bound and golden sheaves to rove,
And glean the harvest of a setting sun,
From the pure mellowing fields of ether won;
And in some sloping meadow, musing, sit,
Till Vesper, rising slowly, widow'd nun,
Reads whisperingly, her radiant lamp new-lit,
The gospel of the stars, great Nature's holy writ!"

Charles Whitehead is, at present, an unnoticed unit in the crowd of young writers struggling, not for fame alone, but bread, in our mighty Babylon. His poem, in the meantime—which, not very long ago, would have procured him honour and patronage—has fallen still-born from the press.

reach the embouchure of the Lahn. This river adds a great deal to the commerce of the Rhine, bringing iron, corn, and fruits, from Hesse and Nassau.

We are now approaching a place where the grandeur of the view must be better appreciated by a soldier than a civilian; although even to the most profoundly ignorant of the military art it will present a series of the most magnificent objects that can be conceived. Koblenz, in French, Coblence, appears on the left bank, at the *confluens* (from which it derives its name) of the Rhine and the Mosel, or Moselle. The heights near the town are surmounted by fortifications, which mark the site of an ancient Carthusian monastery; and, on the quay, an imposing pile of architecture, once the chateau, surrounded by elegant buildings, arrests the traveller's attention. The view, carried over a bridge of thirty-six boats which intersects the river, is closed at the bottom of the picture by a series of enormous rocks, forming the visible horizon, and crowned by walls and ramparts, that confer an air of grim and death-like security upon the whole domain.

In the remarkable view annexed, this description is just reversed; the artist having stood, while drawing, looking up the river. Ehrenbreitstein, therefore, appears on the left hand; Koblenz, with the embouchure of the Mosel, and its bridge, on the right; and in front the bridge of boats, and the windings of the Rhine losing themselves among the hills in the distance.

The enormous fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, formerly Hermanstein, does not quite meet one's expectations from the usual points of view *on* the river. It sometimes appears merely like a strange, stern-looking wall, running along the summit of the principal rock, leaping across the valley, and battlementing the sides of the hills beyond. You think, however, before you have approached near enough to discern the details, or before a change of position has developed the picture more fully, that all this cannot be for nothing; and if the name of power is pronounced, in reply to your inquiries, it is with sensations not unallied to the sublime, although somewhat disturbed by curiosity and surprise, that you feel yourself gliding into that guarded circle. By and by, the scene separates into its component parts. Walls rise over walls, ramparts over ramparts. Flights of steps, gulfs, and precipices, appear; with bayonets glittering between, and the muzzles of cannon *looking at you* at every opening. Ranks of figures, like automata, are seen rising from height to height, and vanishing in the interior of the rock; or, on the very edge of the horizon, a helmeted head, placed at regular intervals, flashes back the blaze of the sun, as it peeps quietly over the wall with a significance which it is impossible to misunderstand.

A Roman fort was the commencement, so far as history knows, of these gigantic works; and, later, a square tower raised its head upon the summit, where there was a cannon-foundry and a powder-magazine. These last the French undermined; making the

powder blow up itself, and firing off the cannon like cannon-balls. One immense fellow, called the Griffin, weighing twenty thousand pounds, and carrying shot of a hundred and sixty pound weight, they took prisoner, and transported to Metz; where they recast him, and parcelled out his extra dimensions into several ordinary-sized bombs.

This was comparatively a slight misfortune; for, after the peace of Luneville, the entire fortress was devoted to destruction. The "villainous saltpetre" turned round upon the magna parens of which it had hitherto formed the glory and defence. Earthquake after earthquake opened its tremendous jaws, and closed them like a grave; volcano after volcano delivered its monstrous birth at the same instant to life and death; the astonished Rhine shuddered as he rushed past the fatal spot. The towers, the walls, the rocks, that had seemed eternal, lay blended in one vast ruin; and only the subterranean vaults, with their mystic galleries, and the mined magazines of death, remained to tell that this had been the renowned fortress of the Broad Stone of Honour.

This took place after the famous blockade, too well known for description here, which ended in the surrender of the place on the 27th of January, 1799—but not, however, till the dogs and cats, and other domestic animals, had been eaten by the brave and hungry garrison.

Nothing is impossible in that wonderful portion of science the general name of which is mechanics. In 1816, the desecrated temple of war was seen

Drawn by C. Stanfield. Engraved by E. Brandard.

EHRENBREITSTEIN.

from Coblenz

rising from its ruins. Art allied itself to nature; healing her wounds, and repairing her deficiencies. Piles of masonry joined themselves to the torn and naked rock; walls rose above walls; towers, houses, turrets, battlements, were conjured out of their fragments; and, by degrees, the Fort of Frederick-William, as it was baptized after its new birth, stood up once more like a giant for the defence of Germany. The fortifications were carried on along the neighbouring hill, till the whole were capable of forming in their union one mighty camp, dominating the Rhine and the route of Nassau. On the side of Koblenz, the works on the site of the Carthusian monastery command the access to Mainz and Houndsruck; and those of the Petersberg, on the left bank of the Mosel, the highways to Treves and Cologne.

At the foot of the rock there is now a little town called Thal-Ehrenbreitstein, built on the site of Philippsthal, an ancient residence of the Electors of Treves; but a more imposing view of the military works is obtained, as in the view annexed, from Koblenz, on the opposite side of the river.

This important town, of which Ehrenbreitstein may be considered as the citadel, has long been famous in history. It was the court of many of the Frankish kings, and of the emperors. Its old Roman fort became a royal chateau under the French domination; afterwards a military barracks; and now a palace of justice. It stands on the banks of the Rhine, in the handsomest quarter of the

town; and, with the theatre and other buildings surrounding it, confers an air of wealth and grandeur upon the place.

Nor is the old town less distinguished; for there stands a house which had the honour of giving to the world the illustrious Metternich. At the moment in which we write the name, his voice is brayed all over Europe by the Diet of Frankfurt. The English and French newspapers are in a rage; Börne bellows like a mad bull; and the German revolutionists smoke their pipes and drink their beer with unusual emphasis. "An ox is a brute beast," crieth the brave Frankfurt Jew whom we have named, addressing the Germans on a smaller matter, "but he has a will of his own, and he has horns. Oh, imbecile beasts!—would an ox put up with such treatment as ours? We are sheep—shorn, miserable sheep! We are no better than horses!" "Yes, yes, we are horses!" answer the German liberty-boys: "We are no better than sheep! But we will submit no longer!"—and straightway, volumes of smoke, with flashes of fire in the midst, ascend to heaven—from their pipes! "Hollo!" cry they anew; "another tankard of beer! another, and another, and another! We will do our duty—we will drink 'Death to Metternich!' Hurra!" In this toast, however, Börne will not join them. "They tell me," says he, "that Metternich is positively to give up the helm. I lament it as a misfortune. Metternich was not made of bending stuff, and the tempest would soon have dashed him to

Drawn by C. Stanfield.

Engraved by E. Finden.

COBLENCE.

pieces. His successor will no more yield than he; but he will bend a little, and all will remain as bad as ever. God save my Metternich!"

The churches of Koblenz are not very remarkable, yet two or three of them are worth a visit. The Beatusberg, anciently the Marterberg, which we have described as the site of the ancient convent of Carthusians, should be seen on account of its fortifications, but principally because one of the finest views, in this region of the Rhine, is obtained from its heights. The bridge over the Mosel, a navigable river all the way from Metz, is also an object of curiosity. It is built of masses of lava, and consists of fourteen arches, of an antique and picturesque appearance, as will be seen by the annexed engraving, which includes also the town on the opposite side of the Mosel.

Beyond the bridge is the Petersberg, the military works on which (already alluded to) are called the Fort of the Emperor Francis. The French had baptized them by a holier name—Fort Marceau; and the tomb of this true hero is still permitted to remain, gazed at with reverence even by the leaden eyes of Austria.

"By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound:
Beneath its base an hero's ashes hid—
Our enemy's—but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting, and yet envying, such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

Brief, brave, and glorious, was his young career;
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes:
And fitly may the stranger, lingering here,
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
For he was Fredom's champion—one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'er-stepped
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons: he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

A long inscription commemorates some facts of his life and death, by which we learn that he was a general at twenty-two years of age; and that when abandoned, mortally wounded, to the generosity of the enemy, he died in the arms both of Austrian and French officers, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. His monument was thrown down in 1817, on pretence that it interfered with the new fortifications, but was re-erected, in the same dastardly spirit, when the voice of the people of Koblenz became loud enough to be understood. His comrade Hoche is interred beside Marceau; but the monument of the former is placed farther down the river, at the Touer Blanche, with this simple inscription: "L'armée de Sambre et Meuse á son Génerál Hoche."

CHAPTER IX.

ADIEU TO THE RHINE.

Escaped from the great temple of war, we find nothing before us but beauty, tranquillity, and content. Gardens, orchards, fields, are spread out on either side of the river, with hills swelling in the distance, and groves enriching the picture with their shade. In the midst of this agreeable panorama, we glide past the little island of Niederwerth, with its quiet village nestled among the trees. The nunnery that heretofore sanctified the place seems to exist still in spirit, and to breathe of peace and meditation even from its ruins. A single solitary cell was the commencement of this building, in which a holy hermitess hid her griefs or joys from the world. On the main land there were two other convents—one of monks, and one of nuns; but this it is hardly necessary to notice, for, wherever you find a spot of more than ordinary beauty, you may be absolutely sure of hearing that it was once

peopled by the devotees of heaven, indolence, fine weather, and fair prospects.

Through scenery of this kind we reach the bourg of Bendorf, on the right bank, with the Friedericksberg and the ruins of Sayn castle in the neighbourhood. In the abbey, founded by the lords of this family, part of which still forms the parish church, there is seen the tomb of Count Heinrich of Sayn, and his statue, with the hand resting on the head of a child. This commemorates an event which extinguished the male line of the house. The Count, it seems, was a man of gigantic size, and immense weight of limb—carrying, as his usual weapon, a sword weighing twenty-five pounds, which was afterwards preserved, as a curiosity, in the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. His young son, the heir of his house, was, of course, the object in the world nearest the father's heart; but the little creature was like an insect in the hands of the knight. On one occasion, returning from battle, perhaps flushed with victory, the father was met, as usual, by his darling; and, forgetful at once in his fondness and his exultation, laid his mailed hand upon the infant's head. Why did the little prattler not shout as he was wont, and tug fiercely at the vast sword—seeming to say, "Oh, when shall I be a man?"—Why did he sink gently by the warrior's knee, and lean his face upon the cold bright armour?—"My boy, are you asleep?—For shame, my Heinrich!—Look up, heir of my house, and star of my hope!" —The lad was dead.

After Engers the Rhine enlarges, and in the basin it forms we see the place where Hoche effected his famous passage in 1797. The monument alluded to at the end of the last chapter stands on an eminence near the bank, beside a village called the White Tower. In the preceding year the French army crossed near the same spot; which is also supposed to have been the scene of a similar enterprise of Julius Cæsar, fifty years before the Christian era. Lower down, at Neuwied, a town of between five and six thousand inhabitants, there is an extensive museum of Roman and other antiquities found in this district of the Rhine.

The valley of the Rhine now becomes more varied and picturesque. On the edge of a steep, and above the village of Irlich, stand the ruins of Fredericstein; which the people, who were compelled by force to drag the stones, called out of spite the Devil's House. This was a gross misnomer, for the devil never compels any poor man to do his work. He stands by, bowing and smiling, and begging of you not to trouble yourself, but all the while rattling you a handful of beer-money in his small-clothes' pocket, and giving you a glimpse, accidentally, of a full pipe and a frothing tankard, over his left shoulder. The devil, in fact, is very ill-treated by every body—from the parson who lives by him to the dragger of stones who swears by him. As for us, we look upon him to be a well-intentioned individual, who follows his calling with great civility and industry. If harm comes of it, whose is the fault? You know what sort

of fruit is borne by a particular tree; and if you will pluck and eat, when the devil merely holds down the branch to you, blame no one but yourself if you get the cholera.

The river now flows in a narrower channel; its waters rush more rapidly, and the walls of rocks that shut them in become loftier and more rugged. Andenach is at length seen, with its "old round tower of other days," supposed to have been built by the Romans. The ancient palace of the Frank kings, or rather its ruins, are by no means on the brink of the Rhine; which would seem to prove that the river has undergone some change, either of magnitude or direction, as we are assured by the chroniclers that the said princes could fish, when they had a mind, out of the palace windows.

Leudesdorf is a great rendezvous of the Rhenish rafts, the larger of which are eight or nine hundred feet long and seventy broad. Numerous neat huts are built upon the oak and fir trees which are thus transported, or rather which thus transport themselves, and the inhabitants sometimes amount to nearly a thousand. There are always cattle on board, and a regular slaughter-house.

The ruins of the castle of Hammerstein, on the left bank, are the next remarkable object. They stand upon a rock which flings its dark shadow over the river, and give a mournful and desolate air to the whole scene. The brawling Brohl is there seen rushing into the Rhine from its native valley. Here the old castle of Schweppenburg still stands, a

ANDERNACH.

ANDERNACH.

ANDERNACH

little worn but not destroyed; and, around it, grottos excavated in the rock, and subterranean passages, giving one the idea of a Herculaneum of the north.

From Brohl, to the lake of Laach, among the mountains, the distance is about a league and a half. This is a very extraordinary sheet of water. It is fed by several thousand springs, but has no outlet, except an artificial canal. The taste is disagreeable; the colour blue; it is deadly cold, yet rarely freezes; and, as tradition tells, no bird can fly over its poisoned waters and live. The origin of this story must be found in a cavity on the eastern bank, which exhales carbonic acid vapour in such quantities as sometimes to destroy animal life. The effect of this Delphic hole has been tried by several persons; but it was found to be somewhat different from that which inspired the Pythiæ, and the adventurers were glad to get out alive.

From the peculiar taste of the lake, its situation in a cavity between six and seven hundred feet above the Rhine, and the fragments around it of lava, vitrifications, and other similar substances, it is conjectured to occupy the crater of an extinguished volcano. The canal was dug hastily by the monks of the Abbey of Laach, on one occasion when the feeders of the lake were too liberal, or the process of exhalation too slow, and the swelling waters threatened to sweep away their convent. This is a very remarkable building, with six handsome towers; and, seen on the banks of the solitary and somewhat

mournful lake, it produces a striking effect. The dominion of the monks was distinguished by a boundless hospitality. A portion of the building, more splendidly fitted up than the rest, was devoted to the reception of travellers, who might remain there as long as they pleased; while other compartments were the property of the sick and poor. Nor were the worthy fathers unmindful of themselves; for their own abodes were provided with every comfort that competence and the arts can bestow.

From Brohl, the voyage down the Rhine presents a succession of pictures similar to those we have already described, without including any worthy of particular notice till we arrive at Unkel, a little town placed in a very picturesque situation on the right bank. Near this place the river appears to roll over a bed of basalt pillars, some gleaming below the water, and some on a level with the surface. From hence a succession of villages, plains, and vineyards, stretch downwards on either side towards the Seven Hills.

Here the ruins of Rolandseck, on the left bank, attract our attention, in spite of the superb heights of the Seven Hills before us; and the island of Nonnenwert, with the ancient nunnery and its gentle associations, is scarcely less captivating to the imagination. Rolandseck, tradition tells us, rose out of the ruins of a simple hermitage built upon the spot by Roland, the celebrated nephew of Charlemagne. The hero, as heroes are too apt to do, had fallen in love,

and plighted his troth to the beautiful Ildegonda, the daughter of one of the nobles resident in this district. Called in the meantime to fight the Saracens, under the banner of Charlemagne, he exchanged vows and kisses with his mistress, and set out for Spain. Two years elapsed—and he did not return. At length, one of his comrades arrived, haggard, pale, and dying, who told of that disastrous day—

> When Roland brave, and Olivier,
> And every paladin and peer,
> On Roncesvalles fell!

Poor Ildegonda saddened and sickened; the world had no more any charms for her; and she retired for ever into the convent of Frauenwerth. Nay, to hasten her retirement, to which alone she looked for peace, the very rules of the church were set aside by the influence of her family, and she became a nun long before her noviciate expired. Alas! the fatal ceremony had no sooner taken place than Roland, as quick, as pale, as ghastly, as a spirit, appeared on the scene. The report of his death was false; and he had no sooner recovered from his death-like wounds than he had flown homewards to claim his bride—now the vowed and irrecoverable bride of heaven! He built a cell upon the neighbouring hill, from which he could at least look upon the impassable walls which contained his lost mistress, and shape in imagination out of the shadows of distance her loved and lovely form. One day a stir appeared to take place in the tranquil community on which his eyes were for ever fixed. A

wailing hymn rose heavily upon the breeze; and the slow procession and mournful paraphernalia of death flitted dimly before his eyes. "Ildegonda is dead!" cried he; and his heart spoke truly. The next morning the body of the hermit was found at the door of his cell, in a kneeling posture, and with the lifeless eyes fixed upon the nunnery below.

The Seven Hills, so called from seven lofty peaks which rise from the chain of hills terminating at Kœnigswinter, are the most striking objects in this district of the Rhine. Their names are, the Drachenfels, the Wolkenberg, the Stromberg, the Lœwenberg, the Nonnenstromberg, the Oelberg, and the Hemmerich. On almost all of them are the ruins of ancient castles; and on the Drachenfels, the loftiest and steepest, there is also an obelisk commemorating the passage of the Rhine by the Germans, in 1814. The splendid view annexed of this last mountain will strike every traveller by its richness in character. On the left is seen the river, with its towns and islands, winding in a comparatively flat country till it is lost in the distance. The view is taken from the place mentioned in the notes to Childe Harold, as being distinguished by a cross commemorative of the murder of a chief by his brother.

Lord Byron does not appear to have been impressed as deeply as one might have expected by the scenery of the Rhine. Perhaps the noble poet thought the tour *vulgar* because it is *common*—two words that are amazingly different, notwithstanding their near consanguinity. This we know was the

case with ourselves, as regarded the Alps, before we had seen them; and being part and parcel of human nature, as well as a lord—or even a poet—we venture to suppose the cases similar. For our part, after reaching the Simplon, we determined in future to think nothing vulgar merely on account of its being hackneyed—were it a ride to Hackney itself, or a voyage to Margate.

"The number of castles and cities," says Byron, "along the course of the Rhine, on both sides, is very great, and their situation remarkably beautiful." But this is in prose: let us hear the poet:—

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks that bear the vine;
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields that promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene which I could see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant-girls, with deep-blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of grey;
And many a rock which steeply towers,
And noble arch, in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers:
But one thing want these banks of Rhine—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch
I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such;

For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine ev'n here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

The river richly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!"

There is not much here of the genuine enthusiasm of poetry, such as inspired the wandering Childe among the Alps; yet there *is* much of that kind of fiction which is supposed to form the basis of poetry. The country of the Rhine is a paradise of painters; but to the poet, whose vision embraces not merely the outside forms of things, but their moral associations, it is something very different indeed. We have scarcely any where seen human nature in a state of greater degradation than on the banks of the Rhine. The "*deep blue eyes*" of the peasant-girls glare upon you with the scowl of famine, from between the ridges that are heavy with corn and wine; and the hands "that offer early flowers" grasp a rope—fit token of their bondage—the loop of which is yoked round their waist, as they drag their barges against the stubborn stream. A procession of this kind, of from ten to twenty persons, chiefly

females, is one of the most common spectacles that greet the eyes of the voyager when they are withdrawn from the picturesque ruins, and vine-clad hills, that border the river. The same thing, we are aware, may be seen elsewhere. At Dieppe, for instance, the fishermen's wives and daughters drag the family-boats out of the harbour, keeping step to a merry song, and ending with a shout as they fling the coil into the sea. But here the labour does not last for a hundred paces, but for a score or more of miles; and, for singing, there are heard only sobs of weariness; and for sunny cheeks, and lightsome eyes, there are seen only the pale and spirit-broken look of ceaseless toil, and hopeless degradation.

If the mothers act the part of horses, the children take that of dogs, and may be seen harnessed, as the latter animals are in London, to little carts or wheel-barrows, which they drag about the streets. The work of the fields, also, is performed in general by the women and children, who may be observed, almost naked, digging, sowing, and carrying burthens, beneath the burning rays of that sun which ripens the vines, and fills the land with plenty.

The Rhine, born in the bosom of the Alps, midway between Italy and Switzerland, runs its course, of four hundred leagues, to the ocean, with an almost uniform rapidity. The wealth, therefore, that grows on its banks may be carried down the stream, but can never re-ascend in that interchange of commodities which forms the prosperity of a country. The fluctuations of the tide of commerce are never

felt among the mass of the people. No one becomes rich, but all continue poor. The nobles, and other proprietors, sell their corn, wine, iron, and other commodities, for money; and the labourers eat, as usual—that is, in favourable years—their crust of black bread. The ten or twelve thousand streams, of all dimensions, that fling their waters into the Rhine, only use the latter river—which is more than adequate to its own supply—as a highway of commerce, on which the wealth that passes leaves little more than its dust to the people, although it pays abundant tolls to the government.

After passing the Seven Hills, the river-scenery gains in beauty what it loses in majesty. The waters spread themselves out into a fine lake, which reflects the houses of various villages built upon its edge, and the picturesque outlines of the bank. At the bottom, the little town of Kœnigswinter is deliciously situated—the place from which it is usual for travellers to set out on their excursions to the Seven Hills; and here ends the narrow valley of the Rhine, which now becomes a broad and open stream, soon to lose its character in a form resembling that of a series of vast canals.

Godesberg, on the left bank, is only far enough down to command a view, at the same moment, of both descriptions of scenery. The village is rather considerable; but the grand object of attraction is the ruin situated on the mountain behind. This is one of the most interesting monuments on the Rhine; and the reader will thank our friend Stanfield

NEAR BONN.

for the admirable view annexed. The village is dimly seen in the plain at the foot of the mountain; and, on the farther side of the river, the Seven Hills still raise their fantastic peaks, overtopped by the Drachenfels.

The ruin is evidently that of a Roman castle, presumed from popular tradition to have been built by the Emperor Julian. He is alluded to as a stranger-king who invaded the country in some early age, and, with the assistance of the demons whom he served, and to whom he built a temple and offered human sacrifices, carried all before him, till the arrival of the ministers of the Cross. On this event, the fiends fled in dismay, and left their apostate protegé to his fate. When the Roman castle fell into ruins, it was repaired and re-erected in the year 1210, and, in 1593, blown up with powder. From hence to Bonn, there is nothing very remarkable except a Gothic monument, called the Hochkreuz, built of stones from the Drachenfels.

Bonn is a town of between twelve and thirteen thousand inhabitants; but it possesses little to interest the traveller, except, perhaps, the ancient electoral chateau, now modernised, and converted into the buildings of the university. The country, however, is fine, and particularly the Kreuzberg, as will be seen in the beautiful view annexed. The church, which occupies the foreground, is a handsome modern building, erected on the site of a convent. On the left hand, below, is seen the spire of the cathedral of Bonn, a structure of the twelfth

century; and, in the distance, a part of the chain of the Seven Hills. The Kreuzberg is a famous haunt of superstition; and many persons come to pray at its "stations," and to gaze upon the skeletons of the monks preserved in the crypt of the church.

Below Bonn, we meet with the ruins of several convents on either bank; but the scenery grows tamer by degrees, till, on reaching the embouchure of the Sieg, you find yourself suddenly sailing through a flat country, on the bosom of a stream too broad for a canal, and too uniform and artificial-looking for a river. A few villages of little note occasionally relieve the eye; but nothing occurs to awaken absolute interest, till a heap of towers, masts, and walls, appear rising from the water in the distance.

Koeln, or Cologne, which still retains a population of upwards of 65,000, was formerly one of the richest towns in Germany. The immediate causes of its decay may be traced to the superstition and stupidity of its rulers, who first banished the Jews, and then the Protestants. Beggars and saints, however, were retained and harboured in great abundance; the number of the former having amounted, so late as 1794, when the French took possession, to twelve thousand. They inhabited their own district, and their own houses, and handed down from father to son the patrimonial estate and hereditary hunger. As for the other class we have mentioned—"All the poor, neglected,

and distressed *saints*," says Taylor, in 1745, "with their relics, which are unknown in other places, are sure to be found here; Cologne is the asylum of them all, and there is not a rag lost."

The Dome, called also the Civitas Sancta, and the Church of the Three Kings, is the great emporium of piety; and besides, as a work of architecture, presents a curious and splendid specimen of the ancient German style. The monument of the Magi, or Three Kings of Cologne, is greatly venerated by the faithful. The bones of these respectable foreigners are contained in a golden shrine, which permits the heads to be seen; and we learn from an inscription, in letters of ruby, that their names were Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar. The shrine was formerly loaded with precious stones, and Greek and Roman cameos, but, having been absent for a little while, during the French domination, it returned *minus* a good many of these superfluities. The heads of the three kings, it was observed, had also been miraculously deprived of their crowns of gold, diamonds, and pearls; and the inhabitants, in holy consternation, ran to the church with votive offerings of gilt metal, enamels, and other ineffectual imitations. We cannot say whether it was owing to indignation at the poverty of such gifts that the royal saints withdrew their patronage entirely; but certain it is that, in the year 1820, they permitted the shrine to be again despoiled, when a great part of the remaining valuables was carried off by thieves. It is gratifying,

however, to think that the bowels of Mary de Medicis, which repose near the place, remained unmoved.

In this Apocalyptic city, where the saints are the kings of the earth, there are of course abundance of churches worthy of a traveller's attention. There are, in fact, too many for us; and we have besides the unhappy failing of being attracted precisely by those objects which other people care nothing about, and of passing, without notice, the things that it is commonly supposed one should travel to see. We were hugely struck, for instance, with what was once the abbey of the Ursuline nuns, for no other reason than that it is filled with old bones. But then these bones are the veritable bones of the Eleven Thousand virgins! Think of that, Master Brook! There is one corner, in particular, in which the soil is so rich with the *materiel* of the saints, that it rejects with loathing and contempt any inferior deposit. When a modern body attempts to bury itself there, it is thrown up without ceremony; and the fact is proved by an adjacent tomb, which contains the remains of a child whose fellowship was thus rejected. There is also the church of the Franciscans, hallowed to our imagination by the tomb of Duns Scotus, who was buried there, in 1308, alive. He awoke, it is said, from the fatal slumber, and crawled out of his coffin; but, in the darkness and horror of the vault, filled with the shadow of death, could not find the door. In the strong agony of despair, he tore one of his hands

with his teeth, and, falling exhausted upon the stair, expired for the last time.

Another story of a resuscitation is commemorated by a monument, of rather an odd appearance, in the New Market—one of the most beautiful of the public places of Cologne, encircled by a walk of linden trees. Two horses' heads, in stone, are seen gazing out of a garret window; and you learn, on inquiry, that they were placed there in penance for an irreverent expression of unbelief made use of by a husband, when told that his wife, whom he had buried the day before, was coming up the steps. The lady, it appears, had been interred with her wedding-ring on her finger—no doubt to prevent disagreeable recollections; and the vault was visited by robbers in the night in search of the prize. While they were tugging at the finger, however, the body stirred; and in terror and amazement the marauders took to their heels. The dead-alive remained all night in the vault; but as soon as daylight appeared, finding the door open, she walked home. The servants ran aghast to their master to announce this unexpected visitor; and he, poor man! who had doubtless bowed himself in resignation to the decrees of providence, and dried up his tears with the handkerchief of religion, being sorely perplexed, and indeed rather irritated—as was natural under the circumstances—answered peevishly—"My wife on the stairs! You might as well tell me that my horses are in the garret!" The next moment, however, the lady walked in; and the

husband, becoming in time reconciled to this new dispensation, set up his horses, in effigy, at his garret windows.

Cologne, speaking generally, appeared to us to be a dirty, unhealthy-looking place; and, at all events, having visited it on a former occasion, we were determined to resume our journey as speedily as possible. The question was, whether we should descend the Rhine into Holland, and afterwards traverse the Netherlands, and embark for England at Ostend; or, perform in the first place the Belgian expedition, and then, throwing a somerset over the cordon militaire, pay our respects to the Dutchmen, and take leave at Rotterdam? There was much to be said on both sides, if we had only had time to manage the argument impartially. The voyage down the Rhine, from Cologne, however, is one of the most uninteresting imaginable. By entering Holland through the Netherlands we should escape this part of the route; and, moreover, in the present state of the country, when bayonets are bristling up like quills upon the fretful porcupine, we should have a great chance of falling in with an adventure *en passant*. We could obtain no authentic information with regard to the real attitude of the belligerent parties. All was surmise and apprehension: but most people were agreed that Antwerp either was, or would speedily be, in ashes; or, at least, that the guns of the citadel (in the hands of the enemy) were pointed against the town, and only waited for orders from Holland to

go off. There was, in short, a delicious uncertainty about the whole prospect, which led captive our imagination at once; and, turning in disgust from the now tame and tedious Rhine, we jumped up, in the midst of supper at the Rheinischen Hofe (one of the best and cheapest inns in this part of Germany), and sallied forth to seek out the office of the diligence, which is here under the direction of the government. The diligence, we learnt, was just about to start for Aachen, alias, Aix la Chapelle, and we had just time to get our sac de nuit (we would not for the world say *carpet-bag*) stowed on the roof, when we found ourselves rattling, in utter darkness, towards the frontiers, under the charge of his Prussian majesty.

At day-break we were within a league of Aix la Chapelle. The city of Charlemagne, in a valley extending at our feet, was almost buried in the mists of early morning, and the lofty dome of its cathedral stood proudly and alone. By and by, as we rolled down the side of the eminence, the vapour politely dispersed. The surrounding hills, some of them capped with forests, which had appeared to form a stern and rugged circle round the town, now sunk gently and undulatingly down upon the plain. Gardens, fields, streams, and alleys, filled up the bottom of the valley, and surrounded the dense and imposing mass of houses in the centre.

Aix la Chapelle, even in the time of Charlemagne, was a great depôt, to which buyers and sellers flocked from all the neighbouring countries; and

the policy of that wise monarch, in inviting industrious strangers to make it their abode, may be traced to this day in the jumble of languages which forms the dialect of the people. Its cloths, indeed, are no longer so famous as formerly, because a political tyranny, however wisely administered, cannot stand long the competition of freer states; but its hot springs, which bubble up without any exertion of human industry or ingenuity, still attract vast crowds of customers, eager to barter their time and money for the smiles of Hygeia.

The principal source is called the Kaisersquelle. It rises about the middle of the town, and supplies several bathing establishments and private baths with a great volume of hot water. One of the former is the Imperial, near which were discovered the remains of a Roman bath—the identical bath, for aught we know, of Granus, the brother of Nero, and the alleged discoverer of the hot springs, from whom the place is supposed to have taken its Roman name of Aquisgranum. Although, however, we have no particular objection ourselves to this etymology, we venture to suggest that the word may have been intended as descriptive of the water, which is so saturated with common salt that half a million of quintals, it is supposed, would be the annual produce. Let this hint, however, be taken "cum *Grano* salis."

The Hotel de Ville and the cathedral are the principal buildings that attract the attention of strangers. The latter was built by Charlemagne in

a style of great magnificence, and consecrated by Pope Leo III. in person. The ceremony seems to have excited a great sensation, both among the dead and living; for two dignitaries, out of the three hundred and sixty-five intended to officiate, having been accidentally absent, a pair of bishops long before defunct, and buried at Maestricht, rose out of their graves, and took their place in the ceremony.

According to a tradition, repeated by Petrarch, the site of this church and of Charlemagne's palace* was originally a deep morass. The cause, it is said, of the affection conceived by the king for so strange a situation, was an enchanted gem flung into the turbid abyss by one of his officers.

Charlemagne had been so madly attached to a young and beautiful mistress, that he lost all sense either of shame or glory in her arms; and even after her death—the news of which rejoiced his court like that of the dissolution of some malignant spell—he clung with despairing fondness to the body, which he could not be prevailed upon to surrender to the earth. Musing on this infatuation, one of the officers of the court determined to examine the putrid remains, with the view of discovering what could be the source of so fatal an attraction; and he found, to his great joy, hidden beneath the tongue, a small gem, which he

* We have given a description of these buildings, from writers contemporary with Charlemagne, in the first tale in the "Romance of French History."

transferred to his pocket. The consequence was, that when the prince came, as usual, to indulge his grief by the side of his dead mistress, he started in horror and amazement when he beheld the now loathsome object of his caresses. He immediately commanded the body to be buried, and transferred his care to the task of loading with wealth and honour his fortunate deliverer. Nothing could satisfy his gratitude. He could not bear to have the officer a moment out of his sight.

As for the latter, he thought, with commendable self-satisfaction, that all this was nothing more than natural and proper; and he was only anxious to get rid of the fatal gem in a manner which would secure his master and every body else from its influence. He at length determined on dropping it into the morass; and this was no sooner done than he himself was dropped in turn (as an acquaintance) by the king. Charlemagne began suddenly to sit down for hours by the side of the muddy waters, or coast along the brink—

> And wander there, and grieve
> As though he loved in vain.

He at length caused the marsh to be filled up, and built on it a temple and a palace, which he never ceased to love, where he resided during the latter part of his life, and where in due time he died and was buried.

In the middle of the cathedral is the tomb of the hero, with one of the most eloquent and meaning

inscriptions we ever read. It consists of two words, "CAROLO MAGNO." This makes even the boasted epitaph of Longinus appear tame and diluted: "*Siste viator, calcas heroem!*" Among the relics that are shown to strangers are the skull and one of the arm-bones of Charlemagne; but there is also a suit of swaddling-clothes of the Divine Infant, which cannot be seen by ordinary visitors oftener than once in seven years. When we say "ordinary visitors" we mean all under the rank of kings. These personages, who doubtless require more ghostly comfort than the poor devils they run a risk of being damned for governing, are permitted to solace themselves with the sight as often as they please.

Near the city is the small town of Burtscheid, surrounded by mineral springs; some of which are hot and some cold, although rising by the side of each other. They meet in a body of water which unites the character of both, and, since it cannot be said to be cold, receives the appellation of the Hot Lake. The water of this lake is salt, but it serves as the habitation of numerous fresh-water fish, which grow to a prodigious size. The latter circumstance is supposed to be owing to the temperature of the lake, but we are inclined to attribute it to the salt. Salt, we know, fattens cows, and why not fish? May it not whet the appetites of pike as well as aldermen? The experiment, however, is worth trying; and the next time we are asked to visit any body in the country who possesses a

fish-pond, we shall go with *two* portmanteaus instead of our usual solitary appendage, and one of them shall be insidiously stored with salt. But lest the experiment, in consequence of the publicity of this whisper, should be tried in our absence, and the exulting proprietor post off at once to his cook with a gigantic carp under his arm,—we have the good nature to add, that the fish of the Hot Lake have a very suspicious flavour when dressed, unless they have previously been made to perform quarantine for some weeks in cold and sweet water. This, however, may perhaps be accounted for by the presence of sulphur and other minerals in the streams of Burtscheid.

CHAPTER X.

THE ROBBERS OF THE RHINE.

Among the gay and fashionable who haunted Aix la Chapelle for the sake of relaxation, were many individuals who, in their working hours, followed a calling which in England we know nothing about. A wealthy Dutch merchant, or a German baron, with a pedigree as long as the great sea-serpent—or both together—would honour the city of Charlemagne with their presence, accompanied by their wives, and daughters, and sons, and nieces, and a whole tribe of servants. The shopkeepers rub their hands; the water-drinkers are thrown into a flutter; young ladies' hearts begin to pal-pi-tate; and old bachelors hasten to drill their eyebrows, and count the crow-feet at the corners with nervous trepidation.

The anticipations of all are realized. The strangers buy freely, and pay in hard dollars: they keep open house, play a high game, and win or lose,

as luck orders it, with a good grace. Their womankind play on the guitar, and look unutterable things:—

> Sweet harmonists!—and beautiful as sweet—
> And young as beautiful—and soft as young!

They make people delightfully unhappy, and form a hundred liaisons—all platonic of course.

This goes on for some time; perhaps a month passes by, like a jour de fête—when suddenly an awkward whisper runs through the town. The Aix la Chapellians rub their eyes; resemblances are detected, and coincidences examined; then government couriers arrive; the authorities are thrown into confusion; all business is at a stand; and, as every body knows that the matter cannot go on so for another day, the whole population wait for the morrow in an agony of suspense.

The strangers in the meantime *go*, and the morrow *comes*. They have vanished like so many spirits, and,

> Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Left not a *rap* behind.

How could their passports have been viséd? It is answered that the mayor had a friendship for the merchant's wife, and the commissary of police was about to be married to the baron's daughter. Could these functionaries have seen that the passports had been previously falsified? No: because love is blind. In a day or two after, the travellers are safe at home; and the bold outlaws, who had merely

visited Aix la Chapelle for amusement, may be met scouring the forest at the head of their troop.

Alas, no! we know nothing about such matters in England. Even the race of the Macheaths is extinct—gallant but insignificant fellows! who were once to be seen, "alone, unfriended," spanking along the highways on a blood mare.* A stage, flying at the rate of ten miles an hour, would laugh to-day at their "Stand and deliver!"—and a steam-coach would have ample time to get beyond the range of their pistols in the interval between the flash and the bullet. We must now put up with being knocked on the head by a pitiful foot-pad, or having our purses seduced by a sneaking cowardly pickpocket. We defy the world, indeed, in spinning cotton, and making pins; but in robbery there is not a paltry German state that does not beat us hollow. It was doubtless in reference to this stain upon our character, that Napoleon called us, contemptuously, a "nation of shopkeepers."

Towards the close of the French Revolution, the banks of the Rhine, and the surrounding country

* We have the misfortune to differ on this point of chronology with two French magistrates, who have drawn up, from judicial documents, an account of the crimes of the renowned Schinderhannes and his comrades. They write thus in 1810:—"No one is ignorant that in England—an island in which the highest civilization conjoins with the darkest barbarism—the profession of highwayman is exercised almost as publicly and securely as any other. If it is not always attended by bloodshed, the reason is that travellers, for fault of legal protection, enter cheerfully into a composition with the ruffians."

from Holland to Mainz, were the theatre of exploits as strange and wild, and the haunt of men as extraordinary, as any that are exhibited in history. The French laws were not yet in full operation in Belgium, nor the conflict of opinion and parties at an end. Every thing was in confusion. The very elements of society seemed to have been broken up and disorganized by the moral earthquake that had occurred. A lawless and reckless spirit pervaded all ranks of people, and made room, in individual cases, for the development of talents and energies that, under ordinary circumstances, would have continued to slumber in embryo.

Energies so called up must, like spirits summoned by sorcery, be evil in their nature; and accordingly a reign of terror commenced, scarcely less extraordinary than the events of the Revolution itself. From Belgium a criminal could easily pass into Holland if pursued, or into the countries bordering the Rhine; and there the minute subdivisions of the Germanic Confederation, in which each petty prince maintained a jealous independence of the rest, rendered pursuit almost hopeless. The policy, therefore, of great criminals, in their choice of localities, will be easily comprehended.

But, as the genius of individuals began to gather together the elements of lawless power, and unite the various little roving bands in one compact society, it was seen that the magnitude of the mass would force the alarmed governments into a league against them, and that thus their very

strength would prove their destruction. How to obviate this difficulty was the question—how to increase rather than diminish their numbers, and to tighten rather than relax the bond of union, without presenting any tangible surface to the authorities; and, out of the speculations on this knotty point, there arose at length one of the most remarkable associations that are mentioned in history.

Few of our readers, we believe, are acquainted even slightly with the subject; and, connected as it is with the localities through which we have just been wandering, it will be considered, we hope, no unacceptable service if we now proceed to give some account of the laws, institutions, and customs of the remarkable and mysterious banditti to which we allude.

The known and ostensible members of the band were diminished in number, rather than increased, by the new constitution. These, under the captainship of some individual raised to the post by his courage or talents, inhabited as their head-quarters an old castle or ruined mill; or pitched their wandering camp in the recesses of a forest. It was, in fact, easy to find a harbour capable of accommodating a much larger force, in times when so many country families had fled for refuge, from the horrors of war, to the more populous and protected towns. The roads between town and town were for the same reason comparatively deserted, except by travellers and merchants; and the villages cut off from all peaceable inter-communication.

Having fixed upon a camp, or rendezvous, the next important step was to secure the safe passage of the bandits through the territory, by establishing every where a line of posts, affording succour and shelter in case of need. This was easily arranged by enlisting in the cause the more needy and desperate of the innkeepers and aubergistes. Some of these, in the country parts, had been left helpless and alone, like stranded barks, by the ebbing tide of population; and, as their profession at any rate is not suspected of predisposing strongly to honesty, they were found in general to enter *con amore* into the proposals that were made to them.

In the slang of the robbers—a jargon compounded of Hebrew, High and Low German, and French—these places of refuge were called *Kochemer-beyes*, whether public-houses or not; and there a member when pursued was sure of protection and advice; and his address, or that of the band, was always to be procured by those who wanted it for a friendly purpose. To such perfection had this system been carried, that it is understood that a robber could travel from the farther extremity of Holland to the Danube, with the certainty of spending every night in the company, or under the protection, of friends.

In numerous cases, also, the functionaries of police, from the magistrate down to the lowest officer, were in the pay of the band; and it was frequently observed that the anxiety of a robber, taken even in the fact, was at once dissipated, as if by

a magic spell, on the name of the worthy being pronounced before whom he was about to be carried.

Names, dress, character, complexion, and features, were changed with wonderful facility by these intelligent and industrious persons. Our Dutch merchant and German baron are specimens. As for the passports, they were managed entirely by the womankind, who had a great talent for business.

The persons we have described, however, were few in number, perhaps not more than a dozen men and their families. Where, then, were the banditti who kept the country in terror?—who, amidst the noise of fire-arms that was heard over half a province, carried villages, and even towns, by assault, and either plundered them of their moveable riches, or held them to ransom at the point of the sword? In the villages, in the towns themselves, in isolated farm-houses, in obscure or remote inns, were domiciled these mysterious freebooters. These were the body, and the former the soul; these the executive and the former the legislative power of this invisible state. The former were the chiefs and their immediate attendants; the latter the great mass of the band, distributed over the face of the country, inhabiting their own houses, working at their own trades or professions, yet ready, at a signal understood only by themselves, to vanish from their homes and families, and follow, wherever they were led, to the death.

They were called Apprentices. They were bound to the society by the most tremendous oaths—which

they were rarely tempted to break, well knowing that an invisible dagger hung over their heads, which was sure to descend even on a suspicion of their falsehood. A miserable wretch, who had been taken by the police, and securely lodged in a dungeon, once revealed, in the agonies of his terror, the rendezvous of his chief—the famous Picard. The next night, while reflecting in horror that, even by his treachery, he had probably been unable to save his life, he heard his name pronounced in a whisper; and, looking up, saw an arm passed between the iron bars of the window.

"Who art thou?" inquired the robber trembling.

"Thy master—Picard; I have ventured my life, as in duty bound, to set thee at liberty!" In a few minutes his irons were sawed off, and one of the bars wrenched from the window-frame; and, following his conductor, he scaled the wall, and scented the free air of the neighbouring forest. The band were ready to receive them, drawn up in a semicircle, and standing under arms, in dead silence. Their delivered comrade was placed in the middle.

"*Schleichener!*" said the chief, addressing him with the slang epithet for traitor, "Didst thou imagine that the word of treason would be unheard by Picard because it was whispered in the depths of a dungeon? Die, coward, in thy guilt!"

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the wretch, as the pistol touched his ear—"Give me death, but let it be in battle! Lead me on this very night, were it to the

attack of an army, and let me die upon the bayonets of the foe!"

"It must not be," said Picard, calmly, "thou art unworthy of the death of the brave. Comrades! Shall the laws of the band be set aside in favour of a hound like this?"

"No!" growled the deep stern voice of the lieutenant; and the word was echoed, by some in cruelty, by many in dismay, till it died away like a prolonged groan in the forest. The white lips of the coward closed at the sound; and a bullet, passing through his brain at the same moment, quieted his fears for ever.

Another story is told at Aix la Chapelle, which does not satisfy quite so well one's ideas of retributive justice. A fine young man of that city was enrolled as an apprentice by the ferocious Jikjak of Mersen, and awaited impatiently the commands of his chief, being desirous, not only of distinguishing himself in the career to which his follies had driven him, but of obtaining money enough to enable him to marry his sweetheart. It is not known whether his weakness was owing to love or wine, or both together; but, unhappily, he divulged, one evening, the secret of his destiny to the terrified girl; and, the next morning, he was called by Jikjak, in person, to accompany him in an expedition. The youth followed more in shame than fear; inwardly resolving to make up for his harmless treason by gaining that day a character for courage which should command the respect of the whole band.

And yet, as he followed his mute and gloomy conductor, a misgiving, at times, came over him. There were numerous other apprentices, he knew, in Aix la Chapelle, and in the villages through which they passed. What kind of enterprise, then, could the renowned chieftain contemplate, in which he desired the assistance of only a single unknown, untried individual? The young man shivered as they entered the black shade of a forest; but, when his conductor stopped suddenly at a newly-made pit resembling a grave, his knees knocked together, and the hair rose upon his head.

"Perjured traitor!" said the chief, "Say thy pater noster, for thou must die!"

"I deserve death," replied the apprentice, "yet try me once again! To-morrow the girl will be my wife, and we shall remove—far from her friends and acquaintance—wherever you command! Only try me! I am as brave as thou!"

"Thou hast broken the laws of the band, and therefore thou must die! Down on thy knees!—down!" and with one Herculean arm he bent him, by main force, to the earth; while, with the other, he raised a hatchet above his head.

"Only hear me!—"

"Reprobate! Wilt thou die without a prayer?" The youth submitted; and, by the time the word "Amen" had fairly passed his lips, the iron was deep in his brain.

The apprentices were evenly distributed over the country, and were prohibited from assembling, even

at fairs, or on such casual occasions, in bodies of more than three or four. If they were seen by a chief in greater number, a significant sign commanded them instantly to disperse, and disobedience was sure to be followed by punishment. The same policy dictated the choice of distant scenes for their enterprises; and it was no uncommon thing for the citizens of Mainz to be visited by the banditti of the lower Meuse, or for the Weser and the Elbe to be thrown into consternation by the roving bands of the Rhine.

An important expedition was rarely undertaken except by the advice and agency of one of the Jewish spies, called *baldovers* in the slang of the freebooters. These persons no sooner became acquainted with the existence and locality of a booty than they opened negociations with a robber-chief; and, if he came into their terms, which were usually exorbitant, made the necessary disclosures. An enterprise so conducted was sure to end in bloodshed and cruelty; for the Jew, in order to justify the extravagance of his demand, lied and cheated, as Jews have done habitually from the days of Jacob. The robbers, seduced by their avarice, were only too ready to believe the tale in its full extent; and their miserable victims paid in blood and torture the deficiency in their expected hoards. When the pillage was at length effected, the *baldover* usually offered to act also as the *scherfenspieler*, or receiver; and in this character bought the spoils—no doubt, a dead bargain. He thus made a double

profit,—robbed the robbers, and spoiled the Egyptians twice.

The assembling of the band for any great enterprise was conducted with the cautious policy which distinguished this remarkable society. The members were generally summoned by a confidential messenger, or perhaps the chief in person, and set out for the rendezvous, sometimes alone, but never in parties exceeding three or four. Each man's mode of travelling was regulated by his usual habits, or by his wealth or grade in society. Some were on horseback, others in carriages, others on foot; and a few had the charge of bringing waggons for the transport of the booty. As the way was commonly long, and broken by forests and ravines, some place on the route, of sufficient notoriety to be known to the whole, was appointed, and there the successive groups of travellers began to look anxiously out for the *Kochemeresink*, or direction-signs left for their guidance by the leaders. These, placed at the cross-ways, were sometimes merely a line traced upon the road, which each party, passing, intersected with a shorter line; so that the travellers not only knew their route, but the number of friends who had preceded them. Sometimes, when more caution was necessary, a branch of a tree was thrown down, as if accidentally, near the road, with the greater part of the foliage on the side which it was proper to take. In all their stratagetic measures, it will be seen that they calculated securely upon the absolute inviolability of their secret; and the

examples we have given show on what grounds their confidence was built.

Frequently, the journey was performed in the middle of the night, and a sign of recognition, therefore, was necessary, which did not depend upon the organs of vision. To whistle, the expedient of common thieves, would not only have been vulgar, but dangerous; inasmuch as the sound, when heard in the dark, is sure to call up a thousand cut-throat associations. The *Kochemloschen*, therefore, was invented, a shrill and lengthened cry; which the belated wayfarer, although no doubt startled by the sound rising from the brakes and thickets as he passed, would be more ready to set down as the voice of owls, or evil spirits, than the call of robbers.

When all had, at length, reached the place of rendezvous, an inspection of arms took place, and the *schnelles*, alias pistols, were loaded. The words were then given which were to signify advance or retreat; torches were distributed, to be lighted instantaneously, at a particular signal; and the column moved on in profound silence.

The captain marched at the head of his troop, armed, besides his other weapons, with a crow-bar, the baton of his office. After him was carried the *ram*, a classical engine, used for *battering* down doors and walls. It was usually a beam of timber a dozen feet long; but, when this was not to be come at easily, a finger-post from the road, or a cross from the church-yard, if heavy enough to answer the purpose, was an excellent substitute. Then came

the subalterns, bearing the other tools of their trade, which they called *clamones;* and, finally, the private gentlemen of the band, armed, like the rest, to the teeth. The faces of the whole were blackened, or otherwise disguised; partly to prevent the possibility of recognition, but principally to impress the attacked with the idea that the robbers were of the same neighbourhood—although, in reality, they had probably never before been within a dozen miles of the place.

Arrived at the bourg, or village, in which, to simplify the affair, we shall suppose that a single house was to be the object of attack, some persons acquainted with the localities were sent to muffle the church-bell, and kidnap the watchmen. These "guardians of the night" were very like the King Logs we have now exchanged in London for an infinitely worse nuisance: they slept themselves, and, on awaking, being indignant to find every body else asleep, roused the town by bawling the hour. Having tied up the watchmen in a bundle, and thrown them into a corner, the band marched openly upon the devoted house, surrounding it instantaneously with a cordon militaire.

No summons was given to surrender, no notification made of the coming attack. A tremendous shout declared the presence and purpose of the enemy; their torches, lighted at the same instant, flared suddenly up like meteors in the night; and the ram was applied to the principal entrance in the midst of a volley of musketry. The firing was

kept up without intermission, being now especially directed to the windows in which any light was visible; the astonished inmates, deprived of all presence of mind by the sudden noise and confusion, stood staring at one another in dismay; and the rest of the town, believing that nothing less than a pitched battle was in progress in the streets, barricaded their doors, extinguished their lights, and hid themselves in their cellars.

The door at length yielded to the repeated blows of the ram, and the captain led the way into their land of Jewish promise. If any hesitation was evinced on the part of one of his followers, he turned round, and blew out his brains on the instant—such power being vested in him by the laws of the society. This military execution, however, was rarely necessary. Within grasp of their expected booty, the most timid became brave, and all rushed at once into the house, fighting their way, if the inmates had recovered their senses, and were in sufficient force to resist, till they were in possession of the field. The victims—men, women, and children—were then bound hand and foot, and wrapped up in mats or carpets; the building was illuminated from the garret to the cellar; and the search for plunder commenced.

Woe to the miserable wretches, if the promises of the *baldover* were not made good by the amount of booty! No oaths, no protestations, could convince the robbers that the deficient treasure existed only in the imagination of the scoundrel-Jew. Deaf at

once to reason and to mercy, the most horrible tortures, ending sometimes in death itself, were inflicted; and so completely did the passion take possession of their souls, that they looked almost with indifference upon their real gains, in the eagerness of their longings after more.

When the booty was at length collected, packed, and ready to be transported, the captain called off his blood-hounds. If any of these were seriously wounded, they were placed on the shoulders of the rest: if an alarm of rescue was heard, they were slain;—on the principle that "dead men tell no tales." When the rescue actually came, the banditti retired in military order, and sometimes made good their retreat under the fire of regular troops. When unmolested, they fired a feu de joye, and began their march with fearful shouts and yells, waving their torches in the air; but, as soon as they had reached the place of rendezvous, the lights were simultaneously extinguished, their cries sunk into silence, and, separating into small groups, they vanished, like evil spirits in the night.

Having thus described, very briefly, the institutions and customs of this remarkable society, we now come to expend a few pages on the different bands of which it was composed, and the more celebrated of the chiefs who led them on to glory and the guillotine.

A man called Moses, a Jew by nation, and whose baptismal name was Jacob, is supposed to have been

the patriarch of this illegal but too legitimate race. It was he who gave a form and plan to the discordant elements of thievery, and invested the heretofore solitary and skulking rogue with the dignity of a bandit. His wife was a worthy helpmate, who taught her sex the arts of penetrating into dungeons, keeping accounts, and managing the correspondence; and, no less happy in his progeny, his son became a celebrated chief, and his two daughters the wives of men who died by the rope and guillotine, and the illustrious mothers of a line of robbers.

The abiding-place of this noble family was Windschoot, near Groningen, in Holland; and, from so insignificant a root, arose the tree which was destined to spread its black boughs, and drop its poisonous dews, from the Zuyder Zee to the Danube. Abraham Jacob, the son, more celebrated under the surname of *Signet Snyder*, not satisfied with the laurels he reaped in Holland and Belgium, made war upon the law and its lieges even under the gates of Paris; and of the two daughters, Rebecca and Dinah, one was married to Francis Bosbeck, captain of the Dutch band, who *justified* at the Hague, and the other to Picard, surnamed *Kotzo*, a Belgic Jew, and one of the most renowned bandits in Europe.

The band of BRABANT became distinguished at once for the talents and ferocity of two rival leaders, the above-named Picard and Bosbeck. The latter especially was an incarnate fiend — and yet he

loved and was beloved by the beautiful Rebecca Moses. The damsel, however, was too religious to marry a Nazarene; she made it a sine qua non that he should conform to the ancient law; and, after many struggles between his devotion to his God and his mistress, Bosbeck became a Jew, and took the name of Jehu. Rebecca now became the fondest, the most devoted, and, for a time, the happiest of wives—but Jehu at length wavered. His sufferings indeed were enough to turn any man's temper sour. His first little accident after his marriage was a captivity of nineteen months, in a subterranean dungeon, so deep and so small that he could hardly breathe. His feet were weighed down by the chains till they were buried in the damp mud; and the only change of position allowed him was occasionally when he was taken out to be put to the torture. He was stedfast, nevertheless, in his refusal to confess, and was at length set at liberty; when, in order to stretch his limbs, and give his lungs play, he immediately ran like a wild animal, capering for joy, and committed a robbery in open day. Taken a second time, he was delivered by the strange, deep, fearful, *feminine* devotion of his wife, who gave her liberty for his. When they met again, his thanks were delivered in stripes and curses. On one occasion, the neighbours with difficulty saved her life, and tore her from his fangs, bleeding at the mouth and eyes—yet Rebecca loved on. Jehu, at length, was unfaithful! Then rose the demon in her woman's heart.

"Earth has no rage like love to hatred turned,
And hell no fury like a woman scorned."

She saw him—she saw him with her own eyes walking arm in arm with her rival; she ran to the police—betrayed and convicted him, and her once adored husband swung on the gibbet of the Hague.

The band of MERSEN was once so gentle, so quiet, and so dexterous in its operations, that they were commonly supposed to be the result of sorcery; but when the devil was fairly laid by the authorities—who are always doing mischief—there arose in his place a human fiend, John Bosbeck, the brother of the above-named Francis, alias Jehu. We could describe, for the delectation of the gentle reader, many atrocities committed by this monster; but we prefer recording a solitary instance of his generosity—and the rather, as it is connected with a display of heroism, on the part of a Lutheran minister, which is altogether admirable.

The band arrived at the bourg of Mulheim, on the Ruhr, in the jurisdiction of Hesse-Darmstadt; and, having secured the watchmen, surrounded the devoted house, and lighted the torches, *secundum artem*, they began to thunder at the door with the ram. So little was their visit expected by the inmates that at the first noise the pastor's wife awoke him, saying that he was wanted by some sick person. Pithahn (the husband's name) put his head out of the window, and was immediately shot at from below; when he at once snatched up a

musket which he kept in the room for his protection, and returned the compliment, wounding two of the assailants. The attack however was continued, and, at length, one of the pannels of the door driven in; through which a desperado leaped, and undid the bolts. In another minute the whole band were in the house, and the servants seized, bound hand and foot, and locked up in a stable. Pithahn and his wife were alone.

The courageous pastor was not ignorant of his danger; but he fought for his life, and for a life dearer than his own. The door at the bottom of the staircase was still entire; and from a small opening above he kept up a continued fire upon the robbers —till his ammunition was expended to a single shot.

"To the back-window!" said he—"Fly, dear wife —rouse the neighbours—scream for thy life!" And the woman went, and screamed, and screamed again; but their craven hearts only trembled the more at the sound, and no one stirred.

The door flew open with a crash, and the bandits rushed up the stairs, howling like hungry wolves. The first door of the bed-room yielded almost at a blow, and the inner bent, and cracked, and groaned under the assault. The wife sunk on her knees, and recommended her soul to heaven.

"Tell me what ye want," said Pithahn, approaching the door, "name it, and it shall be yours."

"Thy blood!" was the reply.

"Then it shall not flow alone! Fly, sweet wife, by the door behind the bed. I shall at least be

able to gain thee a minute of time; and I will then follow myself, if it be the will of the Almighty." One moment of irresolution—one cry of anguish and despair—and the wife vanished at her husband's command. The room-door yielded at the same instant, and the pastor was seen standing in the middle of the floor, with his musket levelled, and his finger on the trigger.

"On—on!" cried the astonished gang one to the other, but all held back. The next moment the pastor fired, and, hurling his musket after the shot, sprang through the little door, and fastened it behind him. He found his wife fainting in the garret; descended with her in his arms, by means of a ladder that had providentially been in use that very day; rushed across the back court, and let down his burthen in safety on the outer side of the wall. But, when about to follow himself, he was drawn backwards by a young boy, an apprentice-thief, and, while disengaging himself from his puny assailant, was felled to the earth by one of the sentinels.

By this time the robbers had discovered his track, and were seen clustering on the roof of the house, and descending the ladder in dozens. The shout of the sentinel brought them quickly to the spot; and in an instant the pastor was surrounded by these hounds of hell, baying with open throat for his blood.

"Speak before thou diest!" cried they: "Where are thy keys—thy plate—thy money? Speak, dog!"

And as the pastor gasped for breath, just recovering from the blow which had stunned him, one of them, to hasten his speech, smote him upon the face so violently that the blood gushed in a torrent.

"Is this permitted?" demanded Pithahn, looking with a stern dignity to the bandit-chief—"Has the ruffian acted by *thy* orders?" John Bosbeck, base and brutal as he was, gazed for some moments upon his victim with undisguised reverence and admiration.

"No!" said he at length—"Stand out, Hersen, thou hast presumed to act without waiting for the orders of thy chief:" and he struck the subaltern to the earth with his baton. The pastor described the places where his valuables were deposited, and the keys that belonged to them.

"I have now disclosed all," said he; "and since death, after the execution I have made among you, is inevitable, show yourselves for once to be men, by making my sufferings as short as possible." The captain gave the word of retreat! A murmur of surprise and indignation escaped from his men. He slung the baton over his shoulder, pulled out two pistols from his belt, and, placing his naked dagger between his teeth, looked round upon the crowd with a ferocious glare. The men began to move from the spot, slowly, but in silence, and Bosbeck followed them. They vanished one by one round a corner of the building; but Pithahn could see the face of the last, visible in the torch-light, with the blade glittering between his teeth, turned

towards him for many moments before he disappeared in the gloom.

This adventure was attended by another unexpected circumstance, which, however, would hardly be deemed necessary, even in romance, to heighten the effect of the former. The robbers, laden with booty, were attacked in their retreat by a brother of the pastor, who had succeeded in raising a small number of the inhabitants; and although this would have been a trifling obstacle in itself, yet their scouts at the same moment brought in intelligence that a considerable body of Palatine cavalry had crossed the Rhine. To make head against the double force would have been something beyond even the madness of Bosbeck, and he ordered his men to throw down their plunder and disperse.

The band of CREVELDT, or of NEUSS, as it was afterwards called, although almost as strong in number as that of Mersen, was quite different in tactics. Force was no part of their plan when it could possibly be avoided; and, till they were joined by Mathew Weber, surnamed *Fetzer*, the ram was never used at all. A traveller, who had lost his way, knocked imploringly at the door at midnight; or a girl, with a sad and silver voice, besought, through the key-hole, some sleepy publican to sell her a little wine for her sick mother. If in either case the door was opened—were it only wide enough to admit a cat—the house was filled in an instant with armed men, the inmates bound and gagged, and the valuables neatly packed up for convenient transport.

No noise being made, there was no danger; and the jolly robbers frequently sat down to a sumptuous supper, and passed the time in conviviality till the dawn. If the neighbours heard the noise of singing and cheering, they only wished, in some discontent, that their friend had thought of inviting them to his company. Fetzer, indeed, was so merry a ruffian, that he often made his unwilling hosts themselves laugh in spite of their heart. He was one of the most daring chiefs withal that ever frightened the Rhine from its propriety; and, as a specimen of his adventures, we give the following brief narrative, translated from a document dictated by himself while in prison, and produced at his trial.

"Michel de Deutz and I were taken at the bourg of Neuss, and lodged in an old windmill which was usually appropriated to prisoners of importance like ourselves. This building, on account of its extreme height, and its isolated situation on the ramparts of the town, seemed to render escape altogether impossible, except by miracle; but, nevertheless, I thought that I must try what I could do.

"After many cogitations, I determined that it was necessary to get to the floor above us; and one evening in November, when the coast was clear, I mounted on the shoulders, and then on the head, of my comrade, and, with the assistance of a bar of iron that I had wrenched out of its bed, I succeeded in making a hole in the ceiling. Through this I crept easily enough, but it took all my strength to

hoist up Michel after me, who was much heavier. There was a window in the place where we now found ourselves, but it was strongly barred; and at any rate we saw the sentinel below pacing up and down before it—so that it was still necessary to mount a stage higher.

"A stage higher we accordingly climbed by the same means; and here we were at the top of the stone part of the tower, having nothing above us but the wooden cupola, with which windmills are usually covered. Here, I say, we were—but how to get down, from a height that might make a man giddy but to measure it with the eye, was the question! It struck me that the old tattered sails of the mill would be useful, if we could only get hold of them, without being observed from below; and we did indeed succeed in stripping off two. By one of these, if well fastened, I thought we should have a chance of slipping as far as the gallery which runs round the tower at the middle of the stone-work; and by the other in like manner we might descend to the ground.

"The attempt was fortunate at first. I joined the two sails together, end to end, and making fast the upper to a bar of the balcony where we stood, and grasping the canvas firmly in my arms, began to descend. The wind blew, however, like the devil, and a fiercer squall coming on at the moment rattled me against the cursed walls, till every bone in my skin cried out. Blinded with the sail, and stupified with the blows, I knew not where I was, or what I

was about. Had I reached the gallery? Had I already passed it? I could not tell. My strength failed—my fingers felt as if benumbed—and, at length, I let go my hold, and fell!

"I came to the ground with a shock like that of death; and, in fact, I scarcely knew whether I was alive or not. The next moment, however, Michel coming lumbering down upon me recalled my recollection. The sentinel too was alarmed, and shouted to the guard. It was necessary to fly on the instant; and finding, to my great astonishment, that no bones were broken, we made for the Erp, which was close by, swam the river, and were soon safe in the forest beyond."

Fetzer was executed at Cologne, and would have died, to all appearance, penitent, but for the following brief conversation he held with his confessor, a few moments before the fatal ceremony.

"O that I had my liberty but for two hours!" exclaimed the bandit-chief.

"And what would you do with it, my son?"

"I would commit the finest robbery that ever was heard of!—But you do not know for what purpose," added he, his eyes glistening, and his voice quivering. "There is a child—a little girl—the only being I love in the world, who will fall into ruin and beggary when I am gone. If I could but leave enough to secure her a good education among the Ursulines of Cologne!"

The band of NEUWIED, being formed of the fragments of all the rest when overpowered and

dispersed by the authorities, presents no distinctive features—except a very gallant engagement with the French troops, which we regret our inability, from want of room, to describe. Nearly all the most celebrated leaders figured in this band, and their enterprises were generally conducted on a great scale. It was here, notwithstanding, that the final blow was struck at a power which threatened the destruction of political society; most of the chiefs died fighting, or swung on the gibbet; and the institution at length returned to its first elements—the solitary highwayman — groups of midnight thieves—gamesters—swindlers—and the obscurer rogues and vagabonds that revenge themselves on the world for its disdain at the hazard of their ignoble necks.

We have purposely omitted to the last the band of the RHINE, commanded by the renowned SCHINDERHANNES. All the rest, indeed, may be called bands of the Rhine as well as of Belgium or Holland; but Schinderhannes, except when serving as a volunteer under Picard or other chiefs, never wandered far from the banks of his magnificent river, and may therefore be styled, par excellence, the ROBBER OF THE RHINE.

This remarkable person was born at Nastætten, of parents in the lowest grade of society, in the year 1779. A public whipping which he received for some juvenile delinquency determined his course of life. His young heart was filled with shame and bitterness; and from that moment he sought to ally

himself only with those who set at defiance the laws which had degraded him for ever. Having made himself worthy of such fellowship, by committing a daring robbery, and escaping from prison after his apprehension, he sought out Fink, surnamed *Red-head*, who received him with open arms, and introduced him successively to Mosebach, Seibert, Iltis Jacob, and Zughetto, at that time the most celebrated bandits of the district.

The young desperado soon showed that it was his mission to lead, rather than to follow, and in a very little time he became the captain of the band. His capture thus became a matter of consequence; and he was so closely watched that at length the authorities succeeded in apprehending him in the mill of Weiden. While they were conveying him to Oberstein he contrived to get out upon the roof of a prison where they halted for the night, and attempted to descend by a rope he had manufactured of the straw of his bed. Midway, however, the rope broke, and, reaching the ground with more noise than he contemplated, he was re-taken. Secured, at length, in the strong prison of Saarbruck, every body believed that the career of the young chief was ended; when, in three days, the country was thrown into consternation by a circular announcing his escape.

When Schinderhannes rejoined his comrades he found them under the command of Petri, surnamed Peter the Black. This worthy was a tall gaunt man, with a forest of black hair, and a thick and

matted beard hanging upon his breast. His complexion was sallow, and his voice resembled the croak of a raven, both in sound and augury. When sober, he was plunged in a dull and easy apathy, in which he would do whatever he was bid, to the cutting of a throat, or the burning of a church: when drunk he was a compound of the wolf and tiger. In the intermediate state, however, when his mind was fully awake without being over-excited, and when he could murder on principle, rather than from passion, or mere stupid instinct, he was the equal of any bandit-chief unhung. He did not long, however, remain a bar to the young robber's ambition. Being taken, and plunged into a subterranean dungeon, where no brandy was to be had, he conceived such a disgust at the French side of the Rhine, that, on effecting his escape, he crossed the river, and did not return for some years.

Schinderhannes, himself, was soon after captured, and lodged in the same dungeon, at Simmerm. This was merely a deep vaulted hole, twenty feet under the foundation of a prison-tower on the ramparts, with only a single small opening at the top, through which the captive was let down by means of a rope. The opening of course could not be shut without stifling the prisoner, but, at any rate, there seemed to be no possibility of climbing to it, placed as it was in the middle of the lofty roof; while the chamber into which it led was itself a strong dungeon, tenanted by another malefactor. The young chief, however, was nothing daunted. He twisted a

rope of the straw of his bed, threw it to his neighbour above, who made the end fast; and by this means he ascended with ease to the upper chamber. Here he broke through the wall into the kitchen; forced away the defences of one of the windows; and leaped into the ditch of the town, dislocating his foot in the descent. In this state it took him three days and nights to crawl to the house of a friend, lying couched in the forest like a wild beast by day, and resuming his painful journey at night.

Having rejoined his band, he soon made it stronger than ever, by the addition of several important members—among others, of KARL BENZEL, a young man of family and education, whose romantic character and wild adventures we shall take another opportunity of pourtraying.* At this time he was so well known on the banks of the Rhine that mothers terrified their children with the name of the young and handsome Schinderhannes. In his own immediate neighbourhood, however, he was beloved by the peasantry, who would have died rather than have betrayed him; and one of the most beautiful girls in Germany ran off from her parents to join his fortunes in the forest, and accompanied him afterwards in some of his most daring expeditions dressed in boy's clothes. Gay, brave, gallant, generous, and humane, there was a high romance about

* In a historical tale already announced under the title of "SCHINDERHANNES, the ROBBER OF THE RHINE," forming the first volume of the "LIBRARY OF ROMANCE."

his character which attracted even those who most abhorred his crimes. He was fond of music, and even poetry; and to this day there is a song sung on the banks of the Rhine which he composed to his mistress. He was addicted to pleasure, and a worshipper of women; but the charms of Julia Blasius, the young girl alluded to above, at length concentrated his wandering desires, and converted him from a general lover into an affectionate and devoted husband.

Hitherto, however, he was ignorant of the grandeur and dignity with which the character of the outlaw was invested in Belgium; and when, in homage to his fame, Picard invited him to join an expedition to the banks of the Main, Schinderhannes expected to see only a wandering chief like himself, haunting the deserted mills and ruined castles, roaming on foot from forest to forest, and sweeping the highways when opportunity offered. What, then, was his amazement when received by the renowned bandit at the head of a troop of fifty horse, all regularly armed and accoutred, and paid like soldiers, besides their share of the booty! Nor were the Belgians less surprised by the appearance of the band of the far-famed Schinderhannes; which they found to consist of a handful of foot-travellers, each armed and dressed at his fancy, or according to his means, and led on by a stripling whose handsome person and engaging manners savoured more of the grove than of the camp.

This was the first time he had come in contact

with the other bands or branches, composing the vast association to which he belonged; and when he returned to his woods, at the end of the campaign, he set himself seriously to the task of introducing order and etiquette into his own system.

Unlike the other bandits, he pursued the Jews with special and unrelenting hostility; and became at length so dreaded by the whole Israelitish race settled in the countries of the Rhine, that they petitioned to be allowed to compound with him by paying a duty resembling the Black Mail of the Scottish highlands. One of these tributaries, Isaac Herz, an extensive merchant of Sobernheim, was notwithstanding so much alarmed for his life that he did not dare to stir out of doors without an escort of gend'armes; and this coming to the ears of Schinderhannes, the Jew was summoned to appear before him to answer for the misdemeanour.

At the instant appointed, the cadaverous face of Isaac was seen at the robber's gate, where a sentry armed at all points stood on guard. Being admitted, he ascended the stair, and found on the landing-place another sentry, who, on learning his business, announced his name. In a few minutes the door opened, and the Jew, crouching almost to the ground, tottered into the room more dead than alive. Schinderhannes, surrounded by his officers standing under arms, was seated, with a telescope before him, by the side of his beautiful Julia, both magnificently dressed.

"It has been reported to us," said the captain, in

a severe tone, "that thou goest abroad under an escort of gend'armes: why is this?" The Jew gasped, but not a syllable would come.

"Dost thou not know," continued Schinderhannes more mildly, "that if I spake but the word, thou wouldest be shot, wert thou in the midst of a whole troop?" Isaac bent himself to the earth in token of acquiescence, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He paid twenty-six francs for the audience, and abandoned his unlawful and useless precautions.

It is no part of our *present* task to touch upon the more remarkable exploits of this remarkable personage; and we therefore hurry him to the end of his career. Being captured on the German side of the river, under circumstances involving a good deal of romantic mystery, he was conveyed to Frankfurt, and from thence to Mainz, for trial by the French authorities. In this last journey his companions and fellow-prisoners were his beautiful and faithful Julia, and the famous robber Fetzer. On the way a wheel broke, and the carriage stopped.

"Comrade," said Fetzer, "that is like the wheel of our life, which is about to stop for ever!" At Mainz they found a great part of the band waiting for trial; and when the important day came, headed as usual by their chief, escorted by numerous brigades of troops, and surrounded by half the population of the country, these desperate men marched slowly through the streets to the ancient electoral palace. On entering the vast and magnificent

saloon of the Academy, whose marble walls had heretofore echoed to the strains of music, Schinderhannes stepped lightly to his seat, and looked round upon the thick concourse of the fair, the noble, the learned, and the brave, who had come there for the purpose of gazing upon the redoubted outlaw. He seemed to feel a strange pride in being the hero of the scene. Perhaps his thoughts reverted to his despised childhood—his bitter and degrading stripes —and, even on the brink of destruction, his eye lightened, and the pulses of his life throbbed high, at the contrast.

As the trial went on, he was seen frequently to play with his young infant, and to whisper his wife, and press her hands. The evidence against him was overpowering, and the interest of the audience rose to a painful pitch. When the moment of judgment drew near, his fears for Julia shook him like an ague. He frequently cried out, clasping his hands, "She is innocent! The poor young girl is innocent! It was I who seduced her!" Every eye was wet, and nothing was heard, in the profound silence of the moment, but the sobs of women.

Julia, by the humanity of the court, was sentenced first, and Schinderhannes embraced her with tears of joy when he heard that her punishment was limited to two years' confinement. His father received twenty-two years of fetters; and he himself, with nineteen of his band, were doomed to the guillotine.

The execution took place on the 21st of November, 1803, when twenty heads were cut off in twenty-six minutes. The bandit-chief preserved his intrepidity to the last, and left to other times, unsullied by many of the basenesses of his tribe, the name of SCHINDERHANNES, the ROBBER OF THE RHINE.

CHAPTER XI.

BELGIUM BELLIGERENS.

LEAVING Aix la Chapelle for Liege, or Luttich, we enjoyed one of the most delightful rides imaginable. The road, for a considerable distance, appears to be carried along the top of a gentle eminence resembling the ramparts of a city, from which the view, on both sides, leads over a vast plain, heaving in a thousand graceful undulations, that are sometimes smoothly green, and sometimes crowned with groves. Streams winding in the midst —little tapering spires rising among the trees— villages with their still and yet cheerful look—and small white cottages gleaming here and there in the distance, add an unspeakable charm to the picture, and fill the heart with emotions that recal the quick, joyous, radiant dreams of boyhood. We have left behind the scenery of the Rhine. The shadows of its rocks and ruined castles have passed from our soul, and the echoes of its deep, muttering, mysterious voice, have died away in our ear. Every thing around us seems to bespeak peace, and plenty,

and domestic enjoyment; and the rich, highly-cultivated, and inclosed country leads our thoughts home to scenes that are still the dearest to our heart, and the loveliest to our imagination.

As we reach the Prussian frontier, a change of some sort takes place; but it seems to be rather in the moral effect than in the physical features of the scenery. The villages are more still and less cheerful. At Henri la Chapelle, where our baggage is examined by the Belgian authorities, there is an air of distrust almost amounting to alarm. Knots of people are conversing here and there in eager but subdued voices. Our features and appearance are perused anxiously; and, in particular, a group of Polish refugees, who have escaped from the equivocal protection of Prussia, appear to be looked upon with a speculative interest that has more to do with selfishness than generosity.

As we advance into the new kingdom, these peculiarities, that might otherwise have been received merely as indications of national character, become too strong to be mistaken. The very aspect of the country is changed. The *snugness* of the villages looks like compression. The houses seem squeezed together as if in alarm. In a little town we pass through, mud bastions are thrown up at the ends of the streets; and chevaux de frises, planted every where around, give it the air of a terrified hedge-hog. The men are neither soldiers nor townsmen, for they wear military belts without uniform. The roll of a drum is heard every now

and then, disturbing the peaceful buzz of industry with its harsh tattoo; and, by fits, a bugle-call swells richly and mournfully in the distance. But a sound still more potential is formed to the imagination from this mingled harmony of sights and noises—

> Hark! Hear ye not yon footstep dread,
> That shakes the earth with thundering tread?—
> 'Tis War!

We have entered the confines of a belligerent country, whose soil is, at this moment, profaned by the foot of an enemy.

It was nearly dark when we entered the ancient, busy, bustling, dirty, black, and populous town of Liege, situate in a valley watered by the Meuse (Maas) and the Ourthe. This place, which was formerly governed by a prince-bishop, was proverbially said to be "Women's hell, men's purgatory, and priests' paradise." In the early ages of our era, the seat of the government was at Maestricht, but was removed to Liege in 708, by a bishop who was converted to Christianity by the miracle of a cross appearing on the brow of a stag he was hunting. Why the town should have been called women's hell we do not know; but the criminal code, both here and at Maestricht, shows clearly enough that either might have been styled with reason the purgatory of men. A delinquent was sometimes tied naked to a board and roasted alive: but this punishment, it is consolatory to reflect, was rarely inflicted by the prince-bishop, except in cases of sacrilege, such as picking the pocket of the Virgin

Mary, or committing burglary in the chapel of a saint. Coiners were parboiled, or wholly boiled, according to the merits of the case, in oil; and other evil-doers, who did not deserve the clemency of death, were confined in a cage furnished on all sides with sharp iron spikes turned inwards. But why was this place called "priests' paradise?" Neither the boiled nor roasted criminals were permitted to be eaten.

In Liege we found that every thing had suffered a war change. At the opening of the street by which we entered the town, a deep and wide ditch had been excavated, and the earth and stones thrown up in a bastion, bristled over with projecting stakes, and leaving only a narrow and angular passage for carriages. When we had cleared these defensive works, our progress was arrested by the National Guard, who came forth with great formality to inspect our passports and physiognomies. When this had been done, however, a question arose among the functionaries as to what it was necessary to do further. Some of us were English, some Poles, some Prussians—and what then? "Had they been ordered merely to look at us and let us pass? That was not likely!" argued, in a pompous tone, a fat and greasy citizen, with a flannel night-cap depending from beneath his military hat.

"But we are at peace with these countries," suggested a tall, muscular, black-a-viced man, without a coat, but with snow-white belts crossed over a shirt that was any thing but white—"We are at

parlour, consisting of a single apartment that held comfortably about a dozen people. It was past midnight by the time we had left the province of Liege, and entered Brabant, and our complement of passengers was almost full. Here, however, a French lady entered the vehicle, who was doomed to act rather a conspicuous part in the night's adventures.

All were silent, and some asleep. We were travelling in utter darkness over a road as smooth as a bowling-green. Madame presently begins to feel incommoded by the heat, being placed between two persons of rather comfortable bulk, and she requests her neighbours—in a Frenchwoman's tone of entreaty, which seems to take compliance as a matter of course—to let her sit next the window. Her neighbour, a heavy, quiet, decent, respectable-looking Fleming, can do nothing less than consent; and, for a little while, the rustling of silks, scraping of shoes, and undertoned interjections of a change of seats, occupy drowsily the attention of the passengers.

Madame at length begins to get sick, and we all commiserate her case. By and by, she suddenly thrusts her head out of the window, and a long whooping sound, at which we should laugh on shipboard, awakens our sympathy to a still more painful stretch. This, however, is repeated so often, that the better feelings of the Fleming, whose nerves, both of body and mind, receive a shock from every bounce of his fair and distressed neighbour, are quite worn out. He begins to mutter and grumble. He thinks that "if some people choose to do such things, they

should stay at home!"—he "wonders how any lady could think of coming into a public vehicle to —!" Flesh and blood could not stand this; and Madame, between every climax of her fits of sickness, pours forth a torrent of indignation. The Fleming is silenced for a moment; but soon the eloquence of his neighbour is cut short by the necessities of her unhappy malady, and ends in an interjectional whoop as she thrusts her head out of the window. He, in his turn, takes advantage of the opportunity, and, aware that the time allowed him will be short, his remarks flow fast, and loud, and bitter.

In the midst of all this, the coach stops to change horses, and the attendant, with a lamp in his hand, puts in a rueful, night-capped head to see what is the matter. The scene disclosed was delicious. In one corner, Madame, with a wan and ghastly look, her expression exquisitely adjusted between fury and nausea, was glaring upon the Fleming; and he, butting backwards from the object of his enmity, returned the glare with a gaze of mingled loathing and deprecation. Squeezed behind him in the other corner of the same seat, a young and buxom Flemish lady was struggling with hysterics, brought on, partly by the pressure, and partly by her polite efforts to conceal her mirth. On another bench, two well-dressed Saxon dames, who had lately joined us, were staring in astonishment and alarm, and consulting, in an undertone, as to the policy of getting out; while a heavy, fat, kind-hearted Prussian, endeavouring to act the mediator, turned round one

moment to pacify the gentleman, and, the next, to offer salts to the lady; and an Englishman behind us, the chorus of the drama, holding his portly sides, roared Ho! ho! ho! like a lion in a menagerie.

Passing through Saint Trond and Tirlemont, our ears were assailed with a strange jargon, which, it seems, is Flemish; the country was flat, and every thing wore a grave and formal aspect. Louvain, once a great and celebrated city, is now an inconsiderable town of twenty-seven thousand inhabitants. Its decline commenced in the year 1378, when the cloth-workers revolted against Wenceslaus, threw seventeen magistrates out of the windows of the town-house, and emigrated, when subdued, to England, where they laid the foundation of the manufacturing prosperity of our country. Previous to that time, the population is said to have amounted to two hundred thousand; and, even two centuries after the emigration, the town, it appears, was in a condition to lose forty-four thousand by the plague. The Louvainese, in their manufactures, formed the most flourishing community in Europe; and it is mentioned, as a proof of the number of the workmen, that at twelve o'clock, when they went to dinner, the bells rung all over the town, to give notice to parents to remove their children out of the way of the crowd.

Nor was Louvain less celebrated for its university, which, in the sixteenth century, during the professorship of Lipsius, boasted four thousand students. It was suppressed, at length, by the French, at the

union of Belgium with their country, but has now had its charter restored.

From Louvain to Brussels, the distance is only six leagues. The country is quite uninteresting till you reach the village of Tervueren, in a domain bestowed upon the hereditary prince in token of the nation's gratitude for his exploits at Waterloo. The pavilion, rising magnificently behind the village in the midst of an extensive wood, forms a pleasing object when viewed from the road.

Brussels may be called a handsome town; and, being built on uneven ground, it affords several interesting points of view. The Rue Royale would be reckoned an elegant street in Liverpool, or even Edinburgh; and in, at least, one other street, the shops make an approach, though not too near, to the appearance of wealth and luxury which generally distinguishes a European capital. The Park, laid out in walks and gardens, forms an agreeable promenade, surrounded by magnificent buildings, among which the most remarkable is the Royal Palace.

Brussels, now the metropolis of the Belgian kingdom, was formerly the seat of government, both of the Spanish and Austrian Netherlands. It was here that the Emperor Charles V., at an extraordinary convocation of the States, abdicated the crown in favour of his son Philip; and it was here that Philip swore to devote all his time and talents to the task of promoting the happiness of his subjects.

Aware that the welfare of souls is of much more importance than that of bodies, the new monarch

kept his promise in the spirit; and, while careless of the feelings and temporal privileges of the nation, abundantly testified his zeal for their immortal part by the mingled out-pouring of blood and doctrine. In 1566, the principal nobility of the Netherlands waited upon him, in formal deputation, to petition for the redress of grievances, and, among other things, for the suppression of the Inquisition. They were designated by the court party, as they literally were, *gueux*, beggars; and the term became the rallying-word of liberty.

"If, in standing up for the rights of our country," said they, "we become beggars, we are honoured by the name!" And the next day, the noblest in the land were seen, in the streets of Brussels, dressed in the coarse grey robe of a mendicant, their brow shadowed by a broad hat, and a wooden porringer hanging from their waist.

The next year, the Duke of Alba, this terrible minister of a haughty and brutal despot, made his appearance in the city at the head of an army; and on the instant ten thousand workmen withdrew from it, and transferred the arts and industry of Brussels to England. There was left plenty of elbow-room for hanging, burning, beheading, and breaking on the wheel; and, among others, the Counts Egmont and Horn, of the noblest blood in the country, perished by the axe. They were executed on the Grande Place, which was hung with black, and the house from which they mounted the scaffold, where the magistrates of the town

Drawn by C. Stanfield. Engraved by [illegible]

[illegible]

formerly met, is still pointed out to the stranger opposite the Hotel de Ville.

In the annexed view of the Grande Place, the elegant and remarkable building on the left is the Hotel de Ville, supposed to present in its architecture one of the purest specimens extant of the Lombard-Gothic. The spire is three hundred and fifty-four feet high, and is surmounted by a statue of Saint Michael.

Every body knows that there is a village within three leagues of Brussels, near which a single prince gave battle to half the kings of Europe. No one wonders that he was beaten; the wonder is that, unsupported by the usual prestiges of royalty, illustrious descent, or hereditary right, he dared to show his face on such a field at all! How is it that Te Deum was sung over half the world at the overthrow of this pigmy-colossus? What spell upheld him so long from the gulf which would seem to have gaped for impudence so amazing, and phrenzy so extravagant, as his? The love and confidence, well or ill-placed, of his people! Will kings read the lesson? —As Belshazzar read the hand-writing on the wall!

Brussels is the chief town in the province of Western Brabant, which is more distinguished for fertility than for picturesque beauty, except in the part which comprehends the wood of Soigne, one of the remains of the great forest of Ardennes. Fruits and vegetables of all kinds are abundant, and in some places tobacco, and even vines, have been tried with success.

The road to Antwerp runs through a perfect flat, tolerably well wooded. It is impossible, therefore, to see to the distance of many hundred yards. A canal trails its sluggish length along, bordered, in some places, by neat country-houses, such as you meet in Holland.

Malines (Mecheln, Mechlin,) is a considerable town of about thirty thousand inhabitants. It has been called Malines the Clean, and well deserves the name; also, Malines the Warlike, because of its old victories over the Dukes of Brabant—not to mention the beating it means to give the Dutchmen; also, Malines the Happy, on account of the first jubilee granted by Pope Nicholas V., and of being put to-day, for the first time, in the Picturesque Annual; also, Malines the Wise, to signalise the establishment there of a great parliament. It was moreover called Malines the Maiden; but this must have been before the time of Louis XIV., to whom it opened its heart, and did not open its arms. Its principal manufacture is what we call in England Mechlin lace, an article less valuable, although supposed to be more durable, than that of Brussels.

The province of Antwerp, in which Malines is comprehended, is composed chiefly of the ancient Marquisite of the Holy Roman Empire. The country is in general flat, and exceedingly fertile; except in the numerous places where it is covered with woods and marshes. On entering the town of Antwerp, (Antwerpen, Anvers,) which is situated in a fine plain, on the right of the Scheldt, (Schelde,

l'Escaut,) we find ourselves truly in a city of war. The entrances of most of the streets are entirely built up, and the others are fortified by ramparts, ditches, and chevaux de frises, defended by cannon. In the interior of the town, however, there is little to be seen, cognisable to the eyes of a stranger, of the peculiarities that distinguish a state of warfare. The shops are open, and the people going about upon their every-day occasions; yet a good deal of irritation — altogether unmingled with alarm — is displayed; and the circumstance of their citadel continuing, at this moment, in the hands of the Dutch, fills every body with shame and confusion.

Antwerp, although still a considerable maritime port, and the greatest foreign entrepôt in the Netherlands, loses amazingly by a comparison with the Antwerp of the sixteenth century. It was then the first commercial town in Europe; the Scheldt was covered with its ships; and its merchants were the equals of princes in wealth and state. The Emperor Charles V. once dined with one of these magnificent burghers—induced, perhaps, to the condescension by his inability to pay very easily a loan which he had received some time before from his entertainer of two millions of florins. The whole world had been ransacked to furnish the repast, and Charles ate and drank that day out of vessels that would have shamed those of the imperial table. When the dinner—which lasted till night—was, at length, over, our merchant drew the bond from his pocket —and the countenance of the emperor straightway

fell, even like that of the Babylonian prince at the sight of a still more important document.

"It needs not," said he, hastily, and he felt his gorge rise, even at the good things which still smoked like incense before him:—"all is right—we shall pay thee, fair host, in due time."

"May it please thee," answered the merchant, "I am already paid. The honour thou hast this day conferred upon the firm, when entered as needful, settles the account; and thus I strike the balance;" and, holding the bond calmly to the nearest candle, he set it on fire, and consumed it to ashes.

In the same century the town was sacked by the Spanish troops, who took this method of getting hold of the arrears of their pay; destroying at the same time the magnificent town-house, built of marble, with five hundred other houses, and ten thousand of the inhabitants. A few years before, the Iconoclasts ravaged the churches, and, at the procession of the Virgin Mary, were so unpolite to the idol that its worshippers ran to arms, and, instead of money, which would perhaps have pleased the priests better, presented her with a blood-offering.

The cathedral church of Notre Dame, which may be termed the Palace of the Virgin, is a very beautiful monument of Gothic architecture. The coup d'œil on entering is truly magnificent. The light streaming from the painted cupola upon the altars, mausoleums, and pictures, has something magical in its effect; and, when you examine the details of the

scene thus disclosed, you experience no disappointment. The pictures are in general good, and some — those of Rubens especially — admirable. There is one, however, the chef d'œuvre of Quintin Mathys, on which we gazed with no common interest, after reading his epitaph—"*Connubialis amor de muliebre fecit Apellem.*" Mathys was a blacksmith at Antwerp, but dared to love the beautiful daughter of a painter. The damsel returned his passion—but meekly, hesitatingly; as is the wont of young damsels, at an age when the heart one moment trembles before that mythological child with whom it plays the next. The father was inexorable.

"Wert thou a painter," said he, "she should be thine: but a blacksmith!—never!" The young man mused, and mused; the hammer dropped from his hand; the god stirred within him; a thousand glorious conceptions passed like shadows across his brain.

"I WILL be a painter," said he: but again his soul was cast down as he reflected on his ignorance of the mechanical part of the art, and genius trembled at its own fiat. His first efforts re-assured him. He drew; and the lines that came were the features of that one loved and lovely face engraven on his heart.

"I will paint her portrait!" cried he—"Love will inspire me!" and he made the attempt. He gazed upon her till his soul became drunken with beauty; and, in the wild inspiration of such

moments, his colours flashed fast and thick upon the canvas, till they formed what one might have imagined to be the reflection of his mistress.

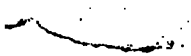
"There!" said he, showing the work to the astonished father: "There! I claim the prize—FOR I AM A PAINTER!" He exchanged his portrait for the original; continued to love and to paint; became eminent among the sons of art in his day and generation; and, dying, was buried honourably in the cathedral of his native city, where they wrote upon his tomb, "Connubialis amor de muliebre fecit Apellem!"

The tower of Notre Dame is only a few feet lower than that of Strasbourg; and you require to ascend six hundred and twenty-two steps before reaching the last gallery. Each gallery diminishes in size as you ascend, and, at length, you find yourself perched, as if on a pinnacle, with the whole country lying at your feet. There are several other churches worthy of notice; but our space, we perceive, is almost filled up, and we have still a great many things to get in by the head and shoulders.

A single step out of the town and province of Antwerp, and we are in Flanders. This is a richly cultivated province, intersected by canals, with scarcely an eminence higher than Ludgate Hill on the whole surface. As we wend our way towards Ghent, the people who pass appear to be more healthy and happy than any peasantry we have yet seen. The women are agreeable, to say the least of them, and frequently pretty. They wear a little

Painted by C. Stanfield

Engraved by R. Wallis



prim-looking oval bonnet, fitted close to the head and face, with ends of lace hanging down at either side.

Ghent, the principal town of Flanders, is situated at the confluence of the Scheldt, the Lys, the Lieve, and the Moere, by which it is divided into numerous islands. This peculiarity, and its numerous bridges, amounting to seventy, confer upon it a certain character of the picturesque which would be otherwise wanting. In its architecture, the Palace of the University is certainly the most remarkable building of which it can boast. This edifice is a sort of *cento* in little of the finest things in Rome, perhaps in Italy, and does great honour to Roelants, the architect. The cathedral is distinguished by simplicity without, and magnificence within; and from the summit of the tower you can see for twelve leagues round you—a distance altogether surprising in such a country.

Ghent is the birth-place of the Emperor Charles V., and has always been a most turbulent and *agitating* town. This was the case especially in the fourteenth century, in the time of the famous Artaveld, who led out sixty thousand men to Roosbeck, to fight the King of France and the Earl of Flanders. These gallant artizans, armed chiefly with long staves pointed with iron, proceeding on a plan which they had found successful on a former occasion, arranged themselves in a compact body, thinking to bear down the enemy by main force. This time, however, they were opposed to

the flower of European chivalry, who galloped up to them on all sides, and plunged their lances into the living mass. The front ranks recoiled; the men became inextricably entangled; vast numbers were suffocated in the dreadful crush; and Artaveld himself died ingloriously, trodden down by the very crowd on whose shoulders he had mounted to regal state. The night befroe the battle, this doomed chieftain, with his sentinels, and his mistress, who followed him to the war, saw distinctly in the sky the appearance of a great fight, and heard the battle-cries, both of French and Flemings. The descriptions throughout in the "Phantom Fight," in the Romance of French History, although apparently a wild vagary of the imagination, are in reality taken from Froissart.

Notwithstanding this spirit of disaffection, trade and commerce flourished. The weavers, whenever their wars and politics allowed them a little time, made the shuttle fly cheerily; and, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, forty thousand looms were going click-clack at the same instant in the town of Ghent.

A sail on the canal from Ghent to Bruges is a pleasant enough trip to one who can derive amusement from the quiet village, the trim country-house, and the plodding peasant on its banks. Further you cannot see; and on board the vessel the passengers are generally of that *douce* discreet character which awakens at once respect and ennui.

Bruges, as you may see in the opposite engraving, is a forest of sharp cones, with one lofty tower in the midst. This is the clock-tower of Notre Dame, which is visible at sea. Bruges gave birth to the father of the Gobelin tapestry, and the town was itself the cradle of music and of oil-painting. In addition to these distinctions, it is here that the first *wig* was worn in Europe;—a mighty blow struck at the prejudices of human nature, which before this epoch would have shuddered at the idea of the living despoiling corpses of their hair, to wear in triumph upon their own bare polls. Philip the Good, who had become bald in consequence of sickness, was presented at Bruges with the first-fruits of this invention (the honour of which is due to Brussels), and he wore the ghastly covering by way of a night-cap, being subject to colds. The courtiers, who would not be outdone in heroism by their sovereign, immediately shaved their crowns; and at length there was no person of distinction to be seen, either at Brussels or Bruges, without being decked out in this relic of the dead, the greasy spoil of the grave! Subsequently the living as well as the defunct were brought under contribution; and, at the present day, it is no uncommon thing for a young girl to sell her hair in order to buy her a new gown.

In the same way, we rob the mouths of those who submit, either from choice or *grave* necessity—and masticate our food with the grinders of other people. We have heard of a pretty lass in our own country,

who, being about to enter into the blessed state of matrimony, was rejected at the very threshold for inability to pay the fees. What was to be done?—the worldly possessions of both parties were on their backs. Jenny eyed her shawl, which was a very handsome one—and so red!—then she looked over wistfully at the pawn-broker's. But vanity triumphed. What would people say if she was to be married without a handsome and red shawl? Andrew proposed to sacrifice his watch; but the generous girl scouted the idea. What would the world think if *he* was to be married without a watch? The decision was taken. She ran to the wig-maker's, and her beautiful locks fell beneath the steel. Alas, the produce was not sufficient! The dentist was at hand. She sold him her front teeth; submitted to the operation of extracting them without a groan; and then went back to her admiring bridegroom, and became "the happiest of women."

In the fourteenth century Bruges was the great entrepôt of the north and south, and its merchants and manufacturers were the richest in Europe. When the wife of Philip the Handsome was here, finding herself surrounded by ladies dressed with regal magnificence, she remarked, "I thought to find myself alone in Bruges, but I am only one of a hundred queens."

Leaving Bruges, still by the canal, we at length reached the borders of the sea at Ostend. The greater part of this place was built in the fourteenth

century, most of the earlier town having been swallowed up by the waters. In our own day too, in 1826, the fire-king played his part; blowing up several tons of powder in the magazines, overturning many buildings with the shock, and damaging, more or less, every house in the town. The fortifications appear to be of considerable strength; and the ramparts, commanding a view of the ocean, afford an excellent promenade. Altogether, in situation and appearance, Ostend is greatly superior to Calais; and, as it is not many hours more distant from England, we wonder that it should not receive the preference of our countrymen.

The ancient fort of Blankenberg, situated on the coast a few leagues to the north-east of Ostend, is, on account of its walks and views of the ocean, a very delightful place of resort. About the same distance on the other side is the strong town of Nieuport, which was formerly only a hamlet depending on a place called Lombarzyde. In one of those casualties which at various times have befallen the coasts of the Netherlands, in their struggles with the waves, this town was destroyed, and its harbour filled up, and a new port, *nieu port*, constructed at the hamlet. Nieuport was reduced to ashes by the English in 1383, after a most gallant resistance; during which the old men, women, and children, were seen mingled with the soldiers in the defence of the ramparts.

Farther on is Furnes, once a considerable town on the sea-shore, but now a league distant. It stands on

a marshy soil, formerly inhabited by the denizens of the deep, and is in consequence frequently visited by fevers. The French frontier line is close by; and, ascending in a parallel line with it (diverging almost at right angles from the coast), we find ourselves at Ypres, a town which in the fourteenth century contained two hundred thousand inhabitants. Passing through Menin, a neat and agreeable town, we arrive at Courtray, distinguished as the scene of the Battle of the Spurs, in which the Flemings totally routed the French, and carried off from them as trophies eight thousand gilt spurs, the insignia of knighthood and nobility.

Andenaerde is a considerable town, founded, it is said, by Alaric, King of the Goths. This was the birth-place of Adrian Brauwer, the painter, who commenced with the figures of birds and flowers, which his mother sold in the market. This, no doubt, was in his days of innocence and simplicity; for afterwards he sat in the ale-house from morning till night, where he drank, and swore, and quarrelled, till completely intoxicated; and then, seizing his pencil in a kind of fury, he dashed off with a rapid and skilful touch the scene before him—drunkards quarrelling over their beer, peasant-women laughing and romping, and fiddlers astride on a barrel, enchanting, Orpheus-like, the swinish multitude with their music.

Alost, formerly the capital of Imperial Flanders, and Termonde, or Dendermonde, are next in our flying tour. The latter place was besieged by

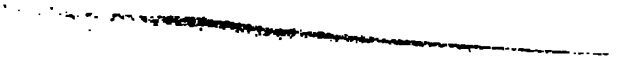
Louis XIV., in 1667, with an army of fifty thousand men. The prince was sure of success; but a miller came to tell him that the gallant Belgians were about to open the sluices, and set him to swim with his whole army. While still in conversation with this messenger of fate, whose news he neither believed nor understood, the discharge of cannon announced the opening of the dykes, and Louis had only a few minutes to save his life. Termonde had at one time many privileges which have now fallen into disuse. A criminal flying from justice was safe within its walls, unless he had committed murder: no citizen could be imprisoned for debt if he offered security; and no legal sentence could be carried into execution on the first three days of the week.

We now, after an immense circuit, find ourselves approaching Antwerp again. It is in vain, in a space like ours, to attempt giving a systematic description of our route. The regular communication with Holland is closed; the steam-boat, which was accustomed to perform its voyage in ten hours, is laid up; and we must smuggle ourselves out of the Belgic dominions like a bale of contraband goods.

CHAPTER XII.

HOLLAND AND THE DUTCH.

THE cordon militaire is at length cleared, and we find ourselves in the mouth of the Scheldt, sailing between the islands of Zealand and the main in a fishing-cutter. Passing Berg-op-Zoom on our right, with its ramparts extending for a league in circumference, we steer many hours in a tortuous channel, presenting every where the same features, till we reach Helvoetsluys, in the island of Voorn. Nothing is seen at first but masts of vessels, and a single lofty tower, rising from the green banks of the sluice; but, by and by, some small low houses appear, which form part of the town. Here we are struck with astonishment at the industry and daring of the almost amphibious inhabitants. The vast embankments which every where surround them are raised, not to resist the encroachments of the sea, but to wrest from it a portion of its actual territory. The waters are higher than the land, which the overthrow of the dykes, or the opening of the sluices,



would instantaneously return to the dominion of Neptune.

Coasting round the island of Voorn, we set sail for Rotterdam by the Brill and Maasland sluice. The land, although every where a uniform flat, is highly interesting to the imagination by the strange peculiarities it presents. Green pastures rise from the water's edge, with villages or country-houses between. They are divided, not by walls, but canals; the fields have ditches instead of hedges; the houses water for iron rails, and the inhabitants have only to raise their drawbridges at night, and smoke their pipes in security. Passing Schiedam on the left, so celebrated for its Geneva, we at length reach Rotterdam.

This town, as will be seen from the opposite engraving, resembles Venice in situation, although it is sadly different in architecture. There is here also the same absence of the usual noises of a city which we remarked in the Sea Cybele; the very people appear to have a talent for holding their tongues; and the vessels, that glide among the water-streets, and stop at their own warehouse-doors, are discharged in solemn silence. The great quay, and some of the smaller ones, are laid out in alleys of enormous trees, beneath the shadow of which the sailors work. The numerous bridges, and the narrow and tortuous streets, render the geography of the place somewhat intricate; but we succeeded in finding our way to the Exchange, which is reckoned one of the architectural lions of

Rotterdam. The gates, however, were shut, and no one was near but a sour-looking officer. We twisted the handle, shook the gate, and looked wistfully in by the interstices. It was apparently not the hour of cause, and the merchants had not begun to congregate. What was our astonishment, however, to be told by the porter that the merchants were actually assembled in the interior; and that we too might be admitted on the payment of some certain copper coins, the exact amount of which we forget! There was something ludicrously Dutch in this arrangement; but the building itself is handsome and commodious.

The communication with England is so constant —greatly increased, of course, since the establishment of steam-boats on the Rhine—that our language is spoken by many of the inhabitants; and so proficient are they in some cases, that we had great difficulty in persuading ourselves that a certain barber, who had never been out of Rotterdam, was not a veritable John Bull.

Leaving Rotterdam for the Hague, (Hage, Haag,) we pass through the populous town of Delft, so celebrated for its earthenware. The country around is very agreeable; and the country-houses, on the banks of the canal, indicate ease and prosperity. The village of Ryswick now occupies our attention for a moment as we pass, being the place in which the famous treaty with Louis XIV. was concluded in 1677; and, by and by, we find ourselves at the Hague.

MILL NEAR THE HAGUE.

MILL NEAR THE MANOR.

This, the ancient residence of the Stadtholder, is still worthy of being a capital city. Its streets, some of water, some of earth, are magnificent; and the palace-like houses resemble the habitations of princes. There are still the remains around it of a forest, which, in the ninth century, covered the spot now so thickly crowded with the works of man; and, as the ground on which the town stands is comparatively elevated, the view of the country, laid out in gardens, woods, and meadows, intersected by canals, is, at once, more interesting and more extensive than you usually meet with in Holland. For the same reason, the Hague is almost free from the diseases induced elsewhere by the perpetual moistness of the atmosphere; and it is less subject to the inundations which, in this country, are so frequent and so calamitous. The middle of the streets is formed either of a canal or of a paved road, and the footways, raised to a considerable height on either side, are sometimes beautiful alleys of linden trees. The ruins of the Roman town, called Forum Hadriani, are an attractive object in the neighbourhood. This place is supposed to have been destroyed by the Normans, in the ninth century, and its very name existed only in history till a few years ago, when the ground was dug up on its supposed site, and the buried town discovered at a depth of several feet. The fragments cover more than ten acres.

From the Hague it is only a league to the borders of the North Sea. The road to the village of

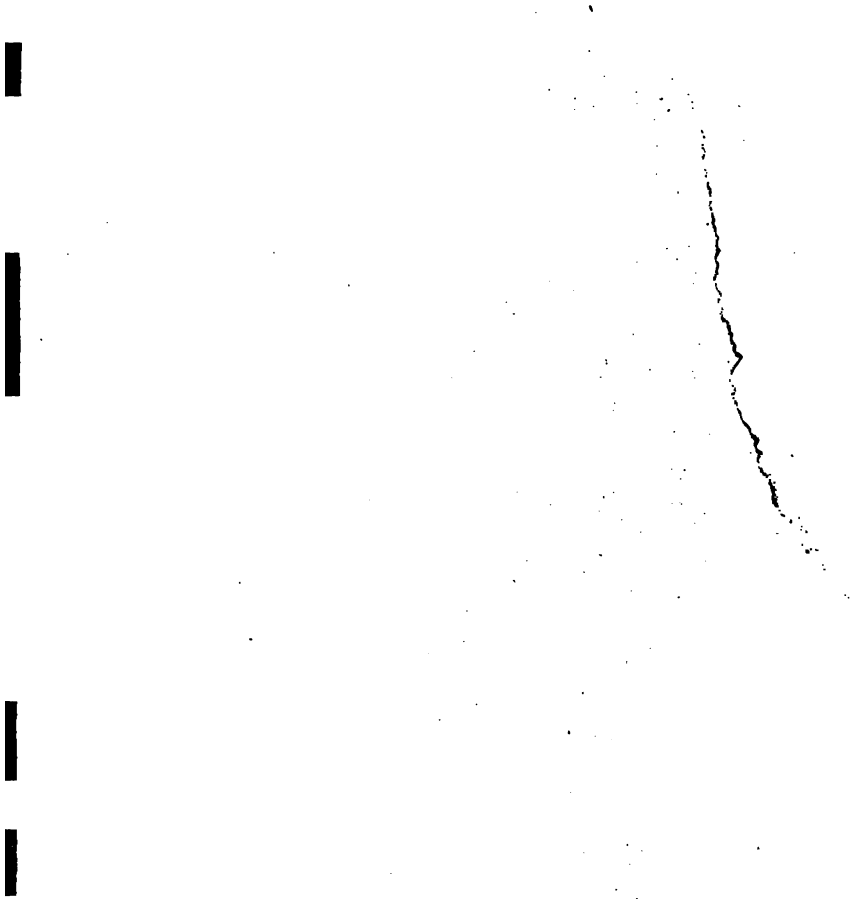
Scheveling (Scheveningen) is an alley of elm trees, a double row on either side, and as straight as an arrow. The vista is terminated by the tall, slight spire of the village, rising from behind an eminence. If you know that it is the spire of Scheveling, you must be aware that you are near the ocean ; but not a glimpse of the world of waters is obtained till its majestic voice breaks upon your ear.

At length, the sea is before you—the waste, the boundless, the magnificent, the wild, the dreary sea. It breaks here upon the coast in ceaseless surges, whose inarticulate voice fills the air with a kind of wailing sound which affects powerfully the imagination. The village itself is clean, and apparently comfortable. The inhabitants live by fishing, and look with complacency even upon the waves which sometimes swallow them up individually, and sometimes sweep their habitations away. In the year 1470, a church was carried fairly off by these marauders ; and, at a later period, a hundred and twenty houses were blotted out of the village at the same instant.

A sail of three leagues, on a canal bordered with houses and gardens, brings us to Leyden, celebrated at once for its courage and learning. The extent and population of this town are pretty nearly the same as those of the Hague, the number of inhabitants amounting to fifty-four or fifty-five thousand. It has two great streets running parallel with each other, so that it is not quite such an impossibility as in most of the other towns of Holland for a stranger

Drawn by C. Stanfield. Engraved by [illegible]

SCHEVELING.



to obtain some precise notion of its geography. The famous university of Leyden was founded in 1576, and continues to this day to be one of the best schools in Europe. The waters of the Rhine, which formerly flowed here as a river, are distributed through the town in canals; and, proceeding afterwards to Rheinsberg, are exorcised by hydraulic magic, and cast into the North Sea.

It was in 1574 that the celebrated blockading of Leyden by the Spaniards took place. By the time the inhabitants were a little more than half-starved, Baldes, the Spanish general, determined upon carrying the place by assault; but was dissuaded from making the attempt by what has commonly but little effect on a general at the head of his army —love. Magdalen Moons, a young lady of the Hague who had touched his heart, rushed into his presence on hearing the news.

"Barbarian!" said she, "Is it thou—even thou —who wilt carry fire and sword among my kinsmen — my friends — the beloved companions of my youth? Away! Never ask again for the love of Magdalen!" Baldes shrunk at the reproach, and gave up his enterprise for a kiss.

By the time the blockade had lasted four months, and when the citizens were faint with hunger and misery, they went in a crowd before Vanderwerp, to demand either the surrender of the town, or bread.

"Bread," replied the burgomaster, calmly, "I have not to give you. But, here"—and he drew his sword,

and bared his bosom—"here is my body, which will appease your hunger for a while, and thus preserve your honour. Strike!—I give it freely, to be divided among you!" The people shrunk back abashed; and for some days they were kept quiet, thinking and talking of the heroism of the stout burgomaster. At the end of that time, the sluices of the Meuse and the Yssel were opened by Admiral Brisot, the country, for twenty leagues, laid under water, and the Prince of Orange floated in triumph into the town.

Travelling, for four or five leagues, through a country considerably lower than the neighbouring sea, and protected from its waters only by artificial dykes, we arrive at Haarlem. This ancient town was as much distinguished as Leyden for its valour. Many of the inhabitants accompanied St. Louis in his famous crusade, and distinguished themselves at the taking of Damietta; in 1492, the "Men of Bread and Cheese," as they called themselves, rose against the authorities, and captured the place; and in 1573, it sustained a siege of seven months, and did not surrender till the affair had cost the Spaniards ten thousand men. On the last-mentioned occasion, the women fought still more bravely than the men; marching at the head of the troops, to the number of three hundred, commanded by their female captain, Kenan Hasselaar. After the surrender, all who had distinguished themselves were put to death, including the commandant, Ripperda, the soldiers of the garrison, the protestant

ministers, and two thousand citizens. A cannon-ball, lodged in a wall, is the only monument remaining of this famous siege.

In the year 1823 was celebrated at Haarlem a very interesting festival, the fourth centenary anniversary of the invention of printing. Laurent Coster, say the Haarlemese, was the true inventor of this mighty art. While walking in the wood of Haarlem, he was in the habit of amusing himself with framing letters out of the slips of bark which he plucked from the trees; and at last he thought of taking their impression on paper, by means of ink with which he rubbed the sculptured part. From bark he proceeded to lead, and then to pewter, with which he actually printed a book, entitled the "Mirror of our Salvation." Unfortunately his servant stole some of the types, ran off to Mainz, instituted a printing-office there with the assistance of Guttemberg, and thus gave room to the doubts of after ages as to which town was entitled to the honour of the invention. The house of Coster, with his statue before it, is still seen in the market-place, with this inscription on the front: *Memoriæ sacrum. Typographia, ars artium omnium conservatrix, hic primum inventa, circa annum* 1420.

Haarlem is still more distinguished than the other towns of Holland by its taste for flowers, and the other beautiful productions of the vegetable kingdom. Every body has a garden, or at least a flower-plot, if not a hot-house (which was invented here), and no part of the business of life is attended

to more anxiously than the cultivation of ornamental plants. The town itself appears to be set down in the midst of a vast garden; and there is not a more cheerful and agreeable picture to be seen in the whole country than is presented here.

In the neighbourhood of the town you may see on one side the ocean, and on the other the Lake of Haarlem, which looks like a Liliputian sea. On the opposite banks of the latter, you perceive the village of Alsmeer, which is a point of rendezvous for the citizens of Haarlem and Amsterdam, and is greatly celebrated for two very different articles of the table—fish and strawberries. The little sea is not so quiet as one might imagine. The voyage to Amsterdam from Leyden is sometimes dangerous; and, at the famous siege of Haarlem, alluded to above, the Dutch and Spaniards created artificial perils, and fought sea-battles upon its bosom.

The canal from Haarlem to Amsterdam runs between the Lake of Haarlem, and a branch of the Zuyder Zee; and at times you can see both expanses of water stretching out to the right and left of the narrow neck on which you travel. The Zuyder Zee is itself a branch of the North Sea, and forms an immense bay, one side of which is composed of Holland and its islands. Amsterdam is situated at the western corner of the upper part of this bay, with the Zuyder Zee on one hand, and the Sea or Lake of Haarlem on the other. Besides its direct and immediate communication with these two seas, and with the ocean, it maintains a close

intercourse, by means of canals, with all the great rivers of this part of Europe.

Amsterdam is comparatively a modern town, having been so late as the year 1200 nothing more than a fortified castle on the Amstel. Round this nucleus collected some fishing-huts; which, after many vicissitudes, became the capital city of the commerce of the north. The fall of Antwerp, in 1585, was the principal event in the history of its good fortunes; and, later, the opening of the Scheldt, and the rise of the same town, have proportionally affected its prosperity. The intermediate port of Rotterdam, however, will now have the effect of keeping the growth of both within bounds; and this place, in fact, at the present moment, profits more than Amsterdam by the awkward situation of Antwerp.

Amsterdam is not exactly built in the sea, like Venice, but the soil is so marshy that the houses are constructed, like those of the latter city, on long stakes, the points of which are driven into the more solid foundation many feet below the surface. The architecture of the town is much better than that at Rotterdam, and much worse than at the Hague; but the vast numbers of the canals, which are crossed by two hundred and eighty bridges, and the long lines of trees that border them, give an air of originality, not unmingled with grandeur, to the whole scene. We cannot, however, so near the end of our reign, meddle further with the capital city of Holland.

The environs present something of the curious, and a little of the absurd. The town of Zaandam, or Saardarm, may be said to be afloat. Its houses are built of wood, as stone constructions could not well be kept together on so watery a soil; they are painted gaudily from top to bottom, and are clean to a perfect marvel. On looking at the front of a house, with its paint untouched even by the elements, its door without the shadow of a finger-mark, and its white steps that might be soiled by a lady's hand—you begin to wonder how all this may be; but, if you wish to enter, you are directed to a little entrance at the side of the domicile, the great one being only used as a picture, to look at and admire! The imperial carpenter, who lodged here, might have carried home with him some notions as new and useful to the Russians as ship-building.

The village of Broek is still more remarkable for its caricature of Dutch cleanliness and Dutch taste. The houses are painted inside and out, the floors paved with black and yellow marble, the roofs covered with glittering tiles, and the gardens, before and behind, filled with the richest flowers and shrubs, grottos, vases, lions, tigers, and wolves,—yellow, green, and red. The front door is only opened at baptisms, marriages, and funerals; and, even at the side doors, you find a pair of slippers, which signify that you must take off your shoes before entering. The streets of the village are rubbed and scrubbed every morning, with the care which an English hall-floor receives once a week or month.

The west side of the Zuyder Zee is in general marshy, and subject to a "sea-change," which has sometimes made the Hollanders pay dearly for their intromissions with the water. A city called Stavoren is said by tradition to have been entirely buried, and the catastrophe is accounted for as a sign of wrath directed against the pride of the inhabitants. One of these more especially, a merchant-lady, carried the vice high enough to have drowned a whole kingdom. On one occasion, being disappointed in a cargo which arrived to her, and which consisted only of corn instead of the more precious merchandize expected, she commanded it to be thrown overboard in the harbour. In vain the starving poor gathered around her, and begged a portion. The fury was inexorable; and she stood by, while the grain was cast, bag after bag, upon the bitter waters. This was the consummation of impiety which called for the vengeance of heaven. That night the sea rose suddenly over the habitations of the wicked; and, in the morning, the bewildered traveller, seeing only a plain of waters before him, inquired, in amazement, Where is the city of Stavoren? By and by, the site of the harbour was covered by a long reedy grass, that resembled corn so much as to leave no doubt of its origin; and the place received the name of the Frauen's Sand, or the Lady's Bank, which it retains to this day.

On leaving Amsterdam for Utrecht, the sameness of the scenery began to change a little; and at length, on arriving within view of the town, we

perceived that this was, in all probability, the point from which a new series of views might commence. Utrecht is built upon comparatively high ground, at the confluence of the Rhine and the Vecht; and the Gothic tower of its cathedral, rising in the midst, gives a commanding and majestic appearance to the whole mass.

The cathedral, called the Domkerk, is still the most remarkable building in the town, although only a small fragment remains of its original proportions. In the year 1674, a mighty wind smote the building, and overthrew its seemingly substantial part, the body and great bulk of the church; leaving the choir, and the magnificent tower, three hundred and eighty feet high, uninjured. We think it is Mrs. Radcliffe who gives a very graphic account of this lofty pile. You ascend, for a considerable time, a steep, narrow, winding staircase; and when at length, on reaching a landing-place, you begin to congratulate yourself on having attained the end of the journey, you are told that this is only the region inhabited by the bell and the belfryman's family.

Woe to you if the bell should take it into its empty head to ring while you pass! Though stunned with surprise and terror, you shall yet feel distinctly every clang upon your heart; and, unless you have the instinct to grasp by the wall, or the piety to sink upon your knees, you may chance to reel backwards, and descend the stairs less gradually than you mounted. How strange is the effect of

habit upon the nerves! The belfryman laughs at your discomposure; the belfryman's child opens its eyes upon you as round as a crown-piece. And yet the situation of this family is far from enviable. It is as bad to them, we will warrant you, as the bottom of a coal-pit: the only difference is, that the subterraneans look up with longing to the surface of the earth, and the belfry-people look down.

But we must leave even the latter behind, and proceed upon our heavenward journey. The staircase narrows, steepens, and winds more rapidly as we mount. A glance at the windows, as we pass, serves at once to delight our eye, and confuse our brain; but, at length, when we reach the last step, and look round upon the world, of which we seem to form the centre, every feeling is lost in admiration.

We have bestridden many towers in our lives, and some of them loftier than this; but for a good wholesome inflation of the chest—a strong and plentiful libation of exulting pride—we recommend the tower of the Domkerk. Here are no rival spires to remind you that you are only one of many—no insolent mountains, to raise their bald heads above you, as if in mockery of your Babel ambition! All Holland grovels before you, with her cities, towns, villages, and hamlets; her canals crawl at your feet, caricaturing rivers in their form, and surpassing them in utility; her lakes and marshes stagnate beneath your eye; her woods hang low like a dun dull cloud upon the earth. In the distance, the

view is lost, on the south, among the flats of Brabant; on the east, a dim line frames the picture—it is formed of the forests of Germany; on the north, there is only a mantle of haze—it rises from and covers the Zuyder Zee; on the west, an impenetrable cloud—it hangs over the Northern Ocean.

Let us take the opportunity of glancing at the human ants which crawl in myriads over this domain. Holland is a territory which belongs of right to the sea—it is these wonderful creatures that have wrested it from the lawful owner. Their arms were the spade and the mallet. Inch by inch, foot by foot, mile by mile, league by league, they have secured their conquests. They have walled themselves in from their enemy, by means of works that only nature can equal. If, at any time, these give way, and allow the ocean to rush in, and sweep to destruction their habitations and families—why, this is only a casualty that must be submitted to for the present, and guarded against for the future. When they recover breath, they just set to work again with the spade and the mallet; and, by inches, feet, miles, and leagues, recover their possessions.

"A soldier's mistress," says Pierre, "is his religion." A Dutchman's dykes are his. It is a false pleasantry to call the Dutch an amphibious people; for, in reality, they are tormented by a continual hydrophobia. The element of water has no bitterer enemy, except fire. Their idle hours—even those employed in sleep—are filled up with plans, and their working hours with labours, to subdue it. Not

to talk of their prowess on the coasts, they have already turned the Koegras into corn-fields and meadows; and, in a few more years, we shall see cattle browsing on the bed of the Sea of Haarlem. The water which they thus get rid of, if not whirled, neck and heels, into the ocean, becomes a domestic drudge; it is made to fetch and carry, in canals, through the country; or stands sentry over their gardens and pastures, and guards their houses from the nightly robber.

If ever they submit willingly to a visit—which they call a visitation—of the hated element, it is in extremity and desperation. The Dutchman's courage is passive. If beaten in fighting, he will still hold out. He can stand a blockade better than any body. He will first eat his cows, then his horses, then his dogs, and cats, and mice, and rats—more especially his water-rats; and then, if there is no alternative between slavery and water, he will pull down his dykes, and set all afloat. This he does grudgingly; but he is aware that it will either drown or put to flight his human enemies, and he knows that a renewal of the same patient industry which once conquered the waves will again bring them under his domain.

The Dutch, being haters of the unstable element, are, of course, adepts in the exact sciences, and skilful in business. The story of one of their infants grasping a halfpenny, while it allowed a piece of gingerbread to drop, is probably untrue. They love money, not for itself, but as being the natural

production of regularity, industry, and frugality. They would rather sacrifice a fortune than fail in an engagement; but, to win ten fortunes, they would not go out of the beaten way of prudence, or rather, of certainty. In Holland, the very ground is level, every thing goes in right lines, and the Dutch, therefore, make a point of seeing straight before them.

A people like this is not poetical—if an acquaintance of ours, learned in the languages, should swear it with all his ten tongues; but there is, notwithstanding, a kind of determination in the national character which may easily be mistaken, at a first glance, for enthusiasm. The famous tulip-mania proves the justness of our views; for it stands out, in all the sublime of its absurdity, the grand and solitary exception to the general rule. The Dutch, not being poetical, are neither merry nor melancholy, but are at the *haf wegen sluis* between, which is grave. We once, indeed, saw a funny Dutchman —but he was a rara avis, and, we have no doubt, in his solitary moments, was as sad as an owl.

The women are commonly gentle and domestic in their character, and often pretty in their face and persons. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that their excessive cleanliness extends to the skin, or even clothes; they are just like other daughters of Eve in these matters; and you shall see, any day of the year, a house-maid scouring, with the nicest precision, the planks on which she is to walk, while, on her head, there is a *mutch* as dirty as could be found in all Scotland.

As we leave Utrecht behind, and advance into Guelderland, a change takes place in the character both of the scenery and the people. A line of low hills runs across the country, which seems to mark the limits of moral as well as physical geography. The Guelderlanders are not addicted to commerce, and their courage is of an active rather than a passive nature. They are more honourable than honest; they love war better than peace; and they prize noble descent higher than personal worth.

Arnheim, which is the first considerable town on our route, is situated at the foot of the range of hills, and on the right bank of the Rhine, which is here crossed by a bridge of boats. The cathedral is a splendid building, with a lofty tower, from which the picturesque environs of the town are seen to advantage. The country-houses of the principal inhabitants are the most pleasing objects in the picture, being surrounded with gardens, walks, streams, and woods. The Hotel de Ville is a Gothic building worthy of observation; and there is also to be remarked another "Devil's House." This was the abode of Martin Van Rossum, a famous chief of the Guelderlanders, who possessed to perfection the same taste for cruelty which is attributed (erroneously, as we have already shown,) to the Devil.

Nimeguen, on the Waal, is the last Dutch town on this route, and the first that the traveller meets on descending the Rhine. It may here be necessary, for the tyro in geography, to say that the latter river divides itself into two branches, a few leagues above

this place, one of which takes the name of the Waal, which it retains till its final junction with the Maas. The other branch is still the Rhine, till it gets near Arnheim; when, dividing itself again, it sends off a portion under the title of the Yssel, to traverse Guelderland, and Ober-yssel, and plunge into the Zuyder Zee; while it continues its own course to the Northern Ocean. At Duurstede, however, it takes the name of the Leck, sending off a small branch towards Utrecht, which is called the Rhine. The latter turns down by the way of Leyden, and is discharged by means of canals into the sea; while the Leck, or main body of the stream, after watering a tract of Western Holland, finally discharges itself into the Maas. Without having some clear idea of the fortunes which befal the Rhine when it gets near Nimeguen, the traveller must be a good deal puzzled. Sailing continually along the same stream, which he believes to be the Rhine, he may be at one time told he is on the Yssel, afterwards on the Waal, then on the Leck, and again, on the Maas.

Nimeguen, in cleanliness and other peculiarities, is as strikingly Dutch as any other town in Holland. There is no gradual shading, which you generally observe in frontier places. You see the inhabitants (sometimes dirty enough) scrubbing and polishing their houses all day long; and the ladies sitting at their windows, with little mirrors fixed outside, by means of which they can amuse themselves with what passes in the street without looking up from their work. The national dislike to noise reigns

here in full force. Sledges are common instead of less silent vehicles; and you are surprised to meet a carriage resembling an English chariot, gliding along, as if in a sitting posture, being minus the wheels.

We must now descend the Waal, with the view of embarking for England at Rotterdam. Midway, the Maas and this river touch, then separate, and then blend. The intermediate island thus formed is Bommel, or the Insula Batavorum of Cæsar. It is an island of gardens, defended by two forts; in one of which, Loevenstein, Grotius was confined after his condemnation by Prince Maurice. He escaped by the ingenuity of his wife, who hid him in a chest, and covered him up with books—a very characteristic means of smuggling a scholar.

On passing the island we reach Gorcum, a fortified town, celebrated for its capture, in 1572, by the party called the Beggars of the Sea. Nineteen Catholic priests were massacred in cold blood on the occasion, by the order of Count Lumey, the commander, and their martyrdom is commemorated to this day on its anniversary.

Dort, or Dordrecht, on the left of the river, (which has here, by the way, taken the name of the Merwede) is the place where the famous synod was held which condemned Grotius to imprisonment, and Arnauldt to death. When the wife of the latter was asked to beg her husband's life—"No," said she; "I would rather see him die innocent than live dishonoured!" The old man exhibited

equal intrepidity, and submitted to the executioner without a shudder.

We again found ourselves at Rotterdam, after our flying tour, which comprehends the richest part of Holland; and, there being no steam-ships for England for some days, we determined to embark in a sailing vessel. This mode of conveyance is more uncertain, but the motion is pleasanter; and, when you do not happen to be in the state of our fair fellow-traveller in the Belgic diligence, your feelings, while dancing over the bosom of the deep, are higher and finer. And this is not fancy; for, in addition to the smoke and un-picturesque funnel of a steam-ship, there is ever and anon a jerk conveyed by the machinery which gives one the idea of restraint.

> "Merrily, merrily, bounds the bark,
> On a breeze to the northward, free;
> So shoots through the summer sky the lark,
> Or the swan through the summer sea."

No steam-ship could ever skip to that tune!

We pass the island of Voorn to the left, where we first met with genuine Dutch scenery; and, bounding into the embouchure of the Maas, steer outwards into the open sea. Look! there we are—with the Brill dwindling to a speck behind us, and the majestic ocean before! The breeze fills our sails, and pipes shrilly in the rigging; the waves leap and skip, and hiss and shout, around us. Away! away! free denizen of the waters!—we take the wings of the morning, and fly wherever we

please. We are subject to no human control, and steer to no land—for all is dimness and mist before us. We have left the earth behind, with its laws and littleness, and our prow is pointed at no less a mark than the round rim of the ocean.

> "Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
> And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
> The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play
> That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way!"

For us—to whom the sea is even as a dream of our youth, and its music like the voice of memory in our ear, we love it with a love passing that of woman.

The curtain of night at length falls slowly and heavily upon its bosom; but the winds and waves, that own no sympathy with mortal necessities, are not asleep. The breeze increases to a gale; and the billows swell, till they become sea-mountains, with their summits capped with snow. We could never feel the expression, so commonly used, of *angry* waves. The sea is never angry. It may rise in pride, or wild joy, or fierce disdain; but, having no equal, it cannot be provoked to anger. If it shivers a fleet to fragments, and strews them upon its bosom, this is done in playful scorn, rather than fury; for it is above pity, as well as beyond fear.

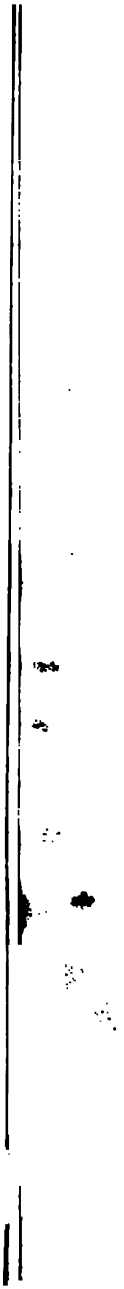
The entrance of the Thames affords a proud spectacle to an Englishman; and even the stranded barks, which we saw every where along the shore, did not abate our exultation, since it was no human enemy that had overthrown them. When within a few miles of Woolwich, we entered suddenly into a

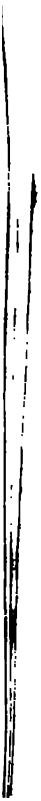
region of mist so thick and dark that we could not see the deck. We immediately cast anchor, consoling ourselves with the idea that the tail of the late storm, if any remained, might sweep it away; but the pilot assured us that there was little chance of such a consummation, as the whole river upwards to London had been in this state for some hours, and was wholly impassable.

This was provoking. The second night of our voyage was advancing, and, much as we love the sea, we have but little affection for rivers. Our vessel, besides, was in confusion from the effects of the gale; and the deck was completely strewed with the bodies of ducks and geese, whose death-screams we had heard during the night, as they were drowned in their coops. A boatman, at length, who had come on board a few miles below, offered to pull us to Woolwich, there being no nearer landing; and, being strongly dissuaded from venturing our life by a ship-captain, one of the passengers, we concluded there was no danger, as these gentlemen are always terrified without cause, in a *small* boat.

Our anticipations proved to be correct. We grounded in the mud only a dozen times, and knocked our bows against not more than thirty lighters, and then, landing in safety at Woolwich from this perilous non-adventure, we made our way to London.

J. Haddon and Co., 27, Ivy Lane.





DAWSON'S BOOKSHOP
LOS ANGELES
OLD CURIOUS AND
STANDARD BOOKS